MISSIONARY PROGRAM MATERIAL

ANITA B. FERRIS

MISSIONARY PROGRAM MATERIAL

FOR USE WITH BOYS AND GIRLS

Compiled by
ANITA B. FERRIS

NEW YORK
MISSIONARY EDUCATION MOVEMENT
OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA
1916

CONTENTS

PREFACE

This book contains graded material for missionary programs in the Beginners, Primary, and Junior Departments of a Sunday-school, for Sunday afternoon or evening concerts, for public week-night entertainments and social evenings, or for informal departmental gatherings.

It is a compilation of some of the best material at present available, such as extracts from standard books and mission board publications, arranged for elementary grades. Of course, no book nor pamphlet could be reprinted entire, and some of the best material is simply recommended, and suggestions given as to where information of many kinds can be obtained.

Missionary Program Material

General Suggestions

MAKING A PROGRAM

The Missionary Committee will distinguish between the material suitable for Sunday use and that intended for social occasions. For instance, most of the folk-lore tales would not be used in a Sunday program. They are simply intended to add interest by suggesting a comparison between the stories of other peoples and our own loved folk tales, and to strengthen the bond of sympathy between ourselves and the people of a different race by making us laugh *with* them rather than, as we have too often done, laugh *at* them. Those stories, however, are perfectly suitable for Sunday use which give information, dealing with the manners and customs of a people, especially in the elementary grades, where the aim for missionary teaching must be largely to establish a feeling of kinship and sympathetic interest between our children and the children of mission lands,—such stories as "The Story of a Chinese Holiday" and "Kite-flying in Japan." They should, of course, not be isolated but have their assigned place in the information plan in which the fundamental difference between Christian and non-Christian children is never omitted. Where the use of a costume of simple and artistic character would heighten the effect it would seem legitimate to use it, just as a missionary in addressing the school might assume native dress to increase the vividness of his story or information.

The same principles which obtain in story writing and telling hold for program making. Psychologists tell us that it is harmful to arouse an emotion and provide no outlet for it. Action in response to the emotion aroused, either immediate or suggested, should always form the climax of the program, since this is the end which is in the mind of those who arranged the program before any steps were taken in the selection of the various items.

In the story there are four parts: A beginning, which may sometimes mean the striking of the key-note, a succession of events or incidents which lead up to the climax, the climax, and the end. These same steps are observed in the formation of a good program, that is, a program which carries its message home.

To illustrate: In the specimen Primary program, the key-note of Christian service is struck in the opening song, "Jesus bids us shine." The reason for service in a particular instance is given in the following recitation, "The Children of Sunrise Kingdom." The next steps are fellowship and sympathy items (information items in the Junior department), until the climax is reached, when a particular kind of help which little people in this country can render those in Japan is brought out in Chiyo's happy Christmas at the mission, and the words of the teacher telling just how her children have helped or can help in this work. The little prayer is an immediate action in which every child present can have a share, and the emphasis in the closing hymn on Jesus' love for childhood in general—suggesting fellowship again—fittingly ends the program.

Of course all programs cannot be worked out after an identical pattern, but must vary with the type of material used. In the Junior programs the demonstrations form the longest and most important items, the ones chiefly depended upon for impressing the lesson, so explanations coming after would have something of the effect of tacking a moral to a tale, an anticlimax, and would not be listened to with attention. The explanation or the suggestion of mission work therefore finds its legitimate place preceding the demonstration which serves as an illustration.

The aim of a whole program may be simply to awaken interest and give information and to arouse no strong emotion. Such is the general school program entitled "A Japanese Day." The construction is governed by the sequence of events, and the religious truth is given a central position. If an admission fee is charged or a silver offering taken, a brief explanation should be given in regard to the share of this particular Sunday-school in mission work in Japan. The taking of an offering would afford an immediate expression of interest. Or the program may be conceived of as purely educational with the interest, sympathy, and information gained by participants and audience to bear fruit in increased interest and effort in mission work in general.

Following a public meeting presenting information about mission work, a social occasion in the week-time could be held where the children meet for a good time among themselves, and enjoy an afternoon of foreign games, conundrums, and stories.

TWO SPECIMEN PROGRAMS

A Primary Social

A Japanese Afternoon

This social should be held if possible at the end of the course in Japanese stories in connection with the Japanese home and objects (see bibliography on Japan, page 53), or be preceded by some special lessons on Japan.

The Japanese home and post-cards should occupy a prominent place in the room where the social is held, and there should be a few simple Japanese decorations, such as lanterns, screens, and fans, which can be so easily obtained frequently by the children themselves. Fresh flowers arranged after Japanese fashion will add to the attractiveness of a room. If some of the children can appear in costume, the Japanese atmosphere will be heightened and the pleasure of the children increased. The material for this program may be found in the section on Japan.

1. Song: Jesus bids us shine.
2. Recitation: The Children of Sunrise Kingdom.
3. Drill: Little Visitors from Japan. By smallest Primary Children.
4. Recitation: A Japanese Lullaby.
5. Song: Savior like a shepherd lead us. By department, followed by the singing of the verse in Japanese by one of the teachers, with the explanation that these are the words used by the little people in Japan.
6. Recitation: Little Children in Japan.
7. A Japanese game: Hana, hana, hana, kuchi. Five or six children play the game for a few minutes. The teacher in charge should first explain the game to the audience.
8. Story: Chiyo's Christmas. By the leader in charge, with a few words at the close about what the Sunday-school or department is doing or may do for the little cousins in Japan.
9. Prayer: A Tiny Prayer. By a small Primary child. All the children bow their heads.
10. Song: I think when I read. By Department.
11. Refreshments or social hour, in which the children may have the freedom of showing the Japanese village and objects to their parents and of playing Japanese games.

A Junior Social

A Program on China

This social should be held if possible at the end of a course of lessons on China.

A few curios on exhibition and simple Chinese decorations will add to the attractiveness of the program. If the pupils have done any hand work, made posters, or scrap-books, in connection with the talks by the Superintendent, this would be a good opportunity for their display. The material for the program may be found in the section on China.

1. Song: Brightly gleams our banner. By the Department.
2. Exercise: In China and America.
3. Exercise: Chinese Inventions. (See Facts about China.)
4. A Chinese game: Eating Fish's Tail.
5. Facts about China: A Chinese Kitchen God. Told by an older Junior in his own words.
6. Demonstration: A Chinese School. (A short explanation should be made by the leader beforehand, that this demonstration represents a Chinese elementary school of the old type, where most of the interesting subjects—arithmetic, science, geography—which we study, are not taught at all. This is the kind of school which thousands of Chinese boys and girls still attend, but the new government under Christian influence is establishing better schools more like those maintained by the missionaries. If your church or denomination is doing educational work in China, briefly state that fact, and tell where your Sunday-school money is used.)
7. Song: We march, we march to victory, or Jesus shall reign, or some other familiar missionary hymn. By Department.
8. Social hour, in which curios are discussed, refreshments served, etc.

If the missionary instruction on China has been given in the Sunday-school and the social is one simply for the children themselves, with no outsiders present, the program may be arranged purely from the fellowship point of view.

1. Exercise: In China and America.
2. A Demonstration.
3. Chinese games by the whole department.
4. Guessing riddles.
5. Refreshments.

INTEREST DEVICES

The devices for awakening interest in missions and making missionary instruction attractive are legion. Missionary papers and magazines are continually printing new ones. Consult the catalog of the Missionary Education Movement, your own denominational publications, and suggestions in the Graded Sunday School Lessons.

Sunday or week-day programs in the elementary grades must depend for their interest largely upon the thoughtfulness and devotion of the departmental superintendents. In the Primary department a supply of attractive missionary picture scrap-books may be kept where children may look at them while waiting for the school to begin. As hand work, the pupils may draw, color, and cut out some of the objects which have been shown and described to them in story or verse, thus, with the teacher's direction making their own curios and villages, work similar in character to that done in the public school Kindergartens and Primary grades. If the superintendent is not familiar with such work, she may find it worth her while to visit the public schools for this purpose. If there is a mission band of older girls in the school, they may be interested in dressing small dolls in various native costumes, and making other mission articles of various kinds to serve as object-lessons for the Primary children, as has been done in some schools.

Chinese, Japanese, and American Indian or Home Mission week-day socials may easily be devised, as suggested in the specimen Primary program. Other countries would probably be found more difficult to attempt.

Curios, pictures, and books will prove an educational influence in the Junior department. "Leaders in Conference" will be found especially helpful in home mission devices and suggestions. Scrap-books and posters may be made with pleasure by the different classes, and may be exhibited at the end of the year with the other hand-work of the department. The time before the beginning of the lesson or a few minutes after Sunday-school may be utilized in this way, and for putting together maps and pictures. Colored maps of mission lands may be mounted on cardboard and cut up for use as picture puzzles. Post cards on mission lands may be cut with the scissors and used also.

If scrap-books are made for mission hospitals or kindergartens at the homes of the teachers, or in the Sunday-school room, the games already mentioned, and various others suggested in "Leaders In Conference," such as the very interesting game of "Citizenship" may be used to entertain the children.

For a public social the Juniors may take a trip to some particular home or foreign mission station. They may sit on the platform in railway coach style and different Juniors in turn describe the country, people, and objects to be seen as they pass along. Finally arriving at their destination, they get out of the coach and are welcomed by other Juniors in native costume if possible, who tell about the work in their mission station or country, show curios, and serve refreshments.

The use of maps and posters made by the pupils themselves, the use of a blackboard, pictures, and curios are some of the devices to add to the interest of programs. If this work of the pupils, together with their notebooks illustrating missionary stories and hymns, is preserved for the annual exhibition of the school, it will gain in importance and interest in their eyes.

As for social occasions and entertainments for the purpose of increasing the contribution to missions, the device of decorating rooms according to the country to be discussed, of displaying curios, and of serving native refreshments in connection with the program is one very familiar way of producing atmosphere and sympathy.

Another social might be arranged as a welcome reception to the "Globe Trotters." At the time for the program to begin an automobile horn loudly blown is heard just outside, and with much noise and laughter enter a number of young men and women with suitcases, veils, steamer rugs, umbrellas, etc. They are cheered in welcome, by the audience, who may sing some appropriate song in greeting.

The travelers sit down and the chairman gets from each in some informal way the story of his experiences, or some may volunteer, or be referred to by the last speaker as being able to tell some particular story. As they talk they take curios, pictures, and costumes from their suitcases to show to their friends. The program may of course be varied by music, some of the travelers volunteering to sing some of the native melodies they have heard.

All the foreign fields, or only one, may be thus briefly and vividly described. The plan is one capable of great elasticity and of great educational value to all.

In a simple form the return of the travelers might be used also for the brief Sunday-school program.

Another evening might be profitably spent with the Story Tellers' League of all Nations assisted in their entertainment by the Singers from Every Land, or a combination might be made of songs, stories, and living pictures.

A description of many delightful socials representing both home and foreign missions may be found by a reference to the files of EVERYLAND, an interdenominational missionary magazine for girls and boys, published by the Missionary Education Movement, New York.

MISSIONARY HYMNS AND SONGS

Since missionary songs of a worthy character for the Beginners and Primary children are rather difficult to find, the sources suggested in the appended list may prove helpful.

For older Beginners probably there are but two or three from the list which are usable—"He prayeth best who loveth best," "Jesus bids us shine," and "God make my life a little light," the last two suggesting service. A very good offering song is the one quoted below from *The Sunday Kindergarten,* by Ferris.

For Primary use there are more. Those mentioned from *The Primary and Junior Hymnal* are particularly simple and attractive. "Give, said the little stream," is appropriate to precede an offering, and the attractive "A ship goes sailing o'er the sea," (fifth stanza omitted) may precede or follow the offering and will help to make real the use of the gifts.

"Hark there's a message from over the sea" or, "The world children for Jesus," might form a fitting prelude to a story.

"Beautiful the little hands," is another song of service. The selection of songs for little people should be guided by the same principles which are applied in selecting stories and pictures for them. Both words and music should be worthy and express in simple form ideas comprehensible to young children. The fitness of a certain song for a certain point in the program should be thoughtfully considered, as has been mentioned before.

Hymns for Juniors are much more numerous. The Juniors should have the best which the body of Church music affords. All the ideas expressed by the hymns may not be within the actual experience of the boys and girls, but they always enjoy and respond to the majestic sweep of the great missionary hymns of the Christian Church. The ideas of God's overlordship, such as are voiced in "Jesus shall reign," and "All hail the power of Jesus' name," are acceptable and comprehensible to them, and the hymns of martial spirit and activity such as "The Son of God goes forth to war," and "Onward Christian Soldiers," are always favorites. Hymns of personal decision, such as "I'll go where you want me to go," seem better reserved for a later period.

The place of the hymn in the program should be carefully studied both in its relation to the other subject-matter and to the psychological effect—whether stimulating or quiescent.

Junior pupils are old enough to be interested in the hymns themselves. It may, for instance, add to their interest in "Greenland's icy mountains," to know that the writer finally went as a missionary himself to "India's coral strand," and often heard his famous hymn sung by the Singhalese there.

A reading of Psalm lxxii in a missionary program may be followed appropriately by "Jesus shall reign," with the explanation that the hymn is based upon the Psalm. This hymn is also effective in connection with the Paton lesson in the graded series, or the story of the work of Chalmers, or that of the conversion of Kapiolani, for, as a result of the labors of the noble missionaries to the islands of the sea, King George of Tonga, in 1862, formally proclaimed his kingdom a Christian kingdom. He appointed a special day when he granted to his people a Christian constitution. Over 5,000 natives of the islands of Samoa, Tonga, and Fiji—the last two islands once horrible with cannibalism—were present, and during the ceremony they all joined in singing with one mighty voice the words of this great hymn.

Probably few of the Juniors will know that the man who wrote "My Country 'tis of Thee," Samuel Francis Smith, wrote also in the same year, 1832, "The morning light is breaking,"—a hymn which has been translated into many languages and which was sung in the author's honor by a great audience of Burmans when he visited his son, a missionary to Burma. This hymn might fittingly follow the Judson story.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name," also has a thrilling story.

Many of the other hymns are interesting in origin or have stories connected with them.

Juniors will be more interested in "Watchman, tell us of the night," with the beautiful Mason accompaniment, if they dramatize it, the department impersonating the travelers, and one Junior who is a good singer taking the part of the watchman, who, from the lofty battlements of the Christian city, sends his assurances faintly but clearly down to the questioners beneath.

The Christmas hymns mentioned are missionary in suggestion. It is to the legendary countries of the Wise Men, who first recognized the kingship of the baby Jesus, that we now send missionaries.

The Easter hymns listed will also serve for missionary use.

The patriotic hymns suggested are, of course, suitable for a home missionary program. "O beautiful for spacious skies," is one of our newer hymns worthy for every Junior to know. The tune "Materna" is perhaps most appropriate to use with it.

The list of worthy missionary hymns might be extended, but for the Elementary grades, it is not so much the variety as the quality which is essential, since a few of the best hymns should be sung frequently enough to become firmly fixed in the memory.

Suggested List of Missionary Hymns and Songs
Beginners and Primary

From *The Sunday Kindergarten,* by Ferris. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago, $1.50

Offering Song

Hark! to the music calling us softly,
Come bring your gifts of love.
Bring them with singing, asking a blessing
Of the dear Lord above.

CHORUS

Cheerfully giving, joyfully giving
Out of our little store,
Lord, when we're older, we shall be happy
If we can give thee more.

Off'rings we're bringing, gifts for the many
Little ones far and wide,—
Over the ocean, out on the prairie,
Close by the mountain side.

Bless us, thy children, bringing our offering,
Father in heaven, we pray,
May we be gentler, sweeter, and kinder,
Pleasing thee every day.

From *Songs for Little People,* by Danielson and Conant. Pilgrim Press, Boston, 60 cents.

Jesus bids us shine, Miller. No. 9.

God make my life a little light, Edwards. No. 12.

(Also found in Walker & Jenks, *Songs and Games for Little Ones,* p. 13.)

One little star, Coolidge; music, Gascon Carol. No. 22.

From *The Primary and Junior Hymnal,* by Miller. Heidelberg Press, Philadelphia, 35 cents.

Hark! There's a message from over the sea, Hewitt. No. 35.

Beautiful the little hands, Corbin. No. 104.

A ship goes sailing o'er the sea. No. 168. Words and music, Margaret Coote Brown, 436 Oak Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

He prayeth best who loveth best, Coleridge. No. 263.

Give, said the little stream. No. 287.

Whisper Song, Neidinger School of Music, East Orange, N. J. 1 cent.

Junior Department

From Greenland's icy mountains, Heber. In all books.

Fling out the banner, Doane. In all books.

The Son of God goes forth to war, Heber. In all books.

Jesus shall reign, Watts. In all books.

Watchman, tell us of the night, Bowring. In adult hymnals and *Junior Methodist Hymnal.* No. 33. 20 cents.

O Zion, haste, Thomson. In all books.

The morning light is breaking, Smith. In all books.

Tell it out, Havergal. In all books.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus, Duffield, Jr. In most books.

Christ for the world we sing, Wolcott. In hymnals.

All hail the power of Jesus' name, Perronet. In all books.

We've a story to tell to the nations, Sterne. Sunday-school hymnals.

Joy to the world, Watts. In all books.

We three kings of Orient are, Hopkins. In most Sunday-school hymnals.

Hark, the herald angels sing, Wesley. Stanzas 1, 2, 3. In all books.

Christ the Lord is risen to-day, Wesley. In all books.

The day of resurrection, John of Damascus. In all books.

Ring, happy bells of Easter time, Lucy Larcum. In *Worship and Song,* Winchester and Conant, Pilgrim Press, Boston, No. 112. 50 cents.

World Children for Jesus, Margaret Coote Brown. 5 cents.

God bless our native land, Brooks and Dwight. In hymnals.

O beautiful for spacious skies, Bates; music, Sleeper. In recent hymnals and Sunday-school books.

Books of Hymn Stories

A Year of Hymn Stories, by Price. Methodist Book Concern, New York, 35 cents.

The Music and Hymnology of the Methodist Hymnal, by Price. Eaton & Mains, New York, $1.25.

The Story of Hymns and Tunes, by Brown and Butterworth. American Tract Society, New York, $1.50.

Famous Hymns of the World, by Sutherland. Frederick A. Stokes Co., $1.20.

Home Missions

GENERAL INFORMATION

For denominational work, lists of denominational missionaries, missionary problems, reports on all kinds of work, and for maps, pictures, and curios, consult your denominational Home Mission Boards. (See list of correspondents at end of this book.)

Refer to the Missionary Education Movement, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City, also for pictures, slides, and music.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Andrews: Seven Little Sisters. Ginn and Company........................$ .50
"Agoonack, the Esquimo Sister."
"Louise the Child of the Western Forest."

Beard: Home Mission Handicraft. Charles Scribner's Sons.................... .25

Brown: Old Country Hero Stories. Missionary Education Movement.......... .25

Crowell: Growing Up in America .... .05

Leaders in Conference .... .30
Woman's Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A.

Everyland: September, 1914. New York. 10 cents a copy; $1.00 a year.

Ferris: Across the Threshold. Missionary Education Movement................ .25

Hall: Children at Play in Many Lands. Missionary Education Movement...... .75

Humphreys: Missionary Explorers Among the American Indians. Charles Scribner's Sons 1.50

International Graded Sunday School Lessons—Syndicate—Methodist, Presbyterian, or Congregational Sunday School Publishing House.

Primary Grade, Second Year, Part III. Teachers' Book.......................$ .25

Junior Grade, Second Year, Part IV. Pupils' Book.......................... .10

Junior Grade, Fourth Year, Part IV. Pupils' Book.......................... .10

Judd: Wigwam Stories. Ginn & Company.................................... .90

Kollock: Immigration Picture Stories. Missionary Education Movement....... .30

Lane: Strange Lands Near Home. Ginn & Company.......................... .25

Lin: My Experiences in America. Missionary Education Movement........... .02

McDonald: Manuel in Mexico. Little, Brown & Company...................... .50

Missionary Object Lessons for Children. American Indians. Missionary Education Movement. Complete set 1.50

There is a large lithographed landscape and a model teepee, a boy and a girl doll, a papoose, a canoe with paddle, bow and arrow, iron kettle, burnt leather pieces, beads and feathers, nearly all of which have been manufactured by Indians. Fourteen stories of Bring-Good-Tidings, a little plains Indian girl, furnish the teacher with an abundance of material for ten to fifteen lessons rich in information and religious truth.

Schwartz: Five Little Strangers. American Book Company................... .40

Wilson: Goodbird the Indian. Fleming H. Revell Company.................... .40

COSTUMES

AMERICAN INDIAN

Girl: Full skirt to the ankles, made of brown or tan khaki, with a fringe of the same material sewed around the skirt, about four inches from the bottom. A coat of the same material, cut like a middy blouse, extending below the hips, trimmed at the edges of the sleeves with fringe of the khaki, and ornamented with beads across

the breast and on the sleeves. Two or three chains of beads should be worn, and also a beaded band around the head.

Boy: Trousers of khaki cloth, trimmed down the outside seams with a heavy fringe of khaki and red cloth. Bits of fur should be sewed in the fringe at intervals. A coat reaching to the hips, cut straight, trimmed as liberally as desired with fringe and beads. A head-dress may be made of a band ornamented with braid or beads, with as many feathers in it as desirable.

STORIES TO TELL

The American Indian Children.
Children of the Cold North Land.
International Graded Lessons, Primary Grade. Second Year, Part III.

Bring Good Tidings.
A series of stories in Teacher's Manual. Missionary Object Lessons for Chidren: American Indians.

Immigration Picture Stories.
A set of five stories for telling.

My Experiences in America.

Across the Threshold.

James Evans and the Cree Alphabet.
Two Thousand Miles for a Book.
International Graded Sunday School Lessons, Junior Grade. Second Year, Part IV.

Sheldon Jackson and the Reindeer in Alaska.
International Graded Sunday School Lessons, Junior Grade, Fourth Year, Part IV.

The Indian's Gift to the White Man. *Everyland,* September, 1914.

Jennie Walks Galloping, Her Methods. *Everyland,* September, 1914.

Rescued by Kaukuwaujina. *Everyland,* September, 1914.

By Mitchell. *Everyland,* June, 1915

Little Doris of Piney Cove. *Everyland,* June, 1915.

Legends of the Northland. *Everyland,* Vol. VI.

Little One Eye's Feather. *Everyland,* March, 1911.

A Sunday in America. *Everyland,* June, 1915.

SHINING MOON AND LITTLE BROTHER

BY ANITA FERRIS

Pictures, which can be easily obtained, or illustrated books from the public library should be freely used in this story. For hand-work the children might draw the home of Shining Moon and Little Brother, and the memory verse, "Love one another," or "Suffer little children," etc., might be used.

Little Brother was hanging in his cradle up in a tree. I am quite sure that *your* baby brother never hung up in a tree, but that is where the little Indian sister, Shining Moon, found Little Brother in his cradle this warm June day. Perhaps you have seen the tiny silken cradles of baby butterflies before they wake up and get their wings—little cocoons, swaying with the tree twigs. Well, Little Brother's cradle looked very much like that, only his was made of bark with soft mooseskin fastened over it, and baby was laced in with strong string of deerskin. Bright, pretty feathers hung from the hoop over his head for him to laugh at as they twirled in the wind, and just beneath his chin showed his tiny coat, which had been Bunny Rabbit's once.

As the wind swayed the branch to which Little Brother's cradle was fastened, he was tossed up and down, and back and forth. Shining Moon stood in

front of him and laughed and laughed at the way Little Brother's red-brown face bobbed about, and then she called to him to see what she held in her tiny skirt.

"See, Little Brother, just *see* all the sweet strawberries I have found!" Little Brother cooed at the red berries, but that was all he could say yet. And just then Shining Moon's mother came along.

"See my berries, mother," called Shining Moon, running proudly to meet her mother, "Won't they be enough for our supper?"

"Certainly enough for Shining Moon," smiled mother, as she took Little Brother down and—what do you suppose she did with him?—fastened him on her back, for that is the way Indian mothers carry their babies.

Shining Moon danced happily along by mother's side till they reached their home, and such a queer home—not a bit like ours. It was just a big skin teepee, or tent, like this (show picture or draw teepee on board). There was no upstairs nor down-stairs, nor dining-room nor bedroom—just the one room, which was really all of these rooms at once, for here Shining Moon, Little Brother and mother and father all ate and slept together.

This afternoon it was so warm and lovely that mother built a fire outside, and began cooking supper out there instead of in her house. While Shining Moon chatted and Little Brother was blinking from the side of the teepee where his cradle now hung, a strange lady and a little girl suddenly appeared. The lady looked just like one of our mothers, and the little girl was dressed exactly like one of us, but Shining Moon had never seen such people before. She just stood and looked and looked at the little girl, just as you would look and look at little Shining Moon if she should suddenly appear in this room now. The little girl had long yellow curls and wore a white dress, but all the little girls Shining Moon had ever seen before had straight black hair like her own, and wore brown skin dresses or little blankets.

Just then Alice (for that was the little girl's name) smiled, and Shining Moon hung down her head and smiled too. In Shining Moon's hand was a queer little corncob dolly, and Alice pointed to it and said, "Oh, what a cunning little doll!" But Shining Moon had never heard such strange words, and did not know what they meant, so she held up her doll and asked politely, "What did you say?" But Alice had never heard before words like those which Shining Moon used, so she replied: "I don't understand." It was so strange to talk and neither know what the other was saying, so they just stood there looking at each other and said nothing more.

Just then Alice caught sight of Little Brother's bright eyes peering down at them from his cradle. "Oh, what a dear little baby," cried Alice, clapping her hands. Shining Moon smiled then, and Little Brother gave the sweetest little baby chuckle, for every one can understand a smile or a laugh.

"Shining Moon," called the Indian mother, "would you like to go to Sunday-school?"

Sunday-school! Shining Moon had never heard of such a thing before. "This woman," continued Shining Moon's mother, "can speak our words, and she says that in two days there will be a place ready where little girls and boys may come and hear about the Great Spirit. She says he loves all, even little Indian girls and boys, and that some of the white people from the rising sun (the East) who know about him have come to tell us so."

"There will be other little children," said the white lady gently, "and music

and pictures"—and this time Shining Moon understood, for the Lady spoke her own words.

"Oh, do come, I like you so much," cried Alice, putting her arms about Shining Moon. There were the queer sounds again, but Shining Moon understood the friendly little arm, and when the white lady took her hand and asked in the Indian language, "Will you come?" she smiled shyly through her long black hair, and nodded her head.

NOTE.—If your church contributes to the Indian work, explain to the children that their offerings sometimes go to build kindergartens and Sunday-schools and send teachers to the little Indian boys and girls who have none of these things, and have never yet heard that there is a heavenly Father who loves them.

SNOW CHILDREN*

Their names are Angheit, Kannakut, and Pingassuk. They are dressed in fur from head to foot and they live on an island far, far away in the snow-country.

You will hardly believe it, perhaps, but it is true, that upon this far-away icy island, with its snow-houses and igloos and children dressed in sealskin, is a schoolhouse over which floats the Stars and Stripes! and in the house lives a teacher from "the States" who is also a doctor and a missionary, and his wife, who is a missionary too.

In this school the children with the funny names are taught how to read and write and do number work, and to draw and sew, and how to think and to do right; and you would be surprised to see how quickly the little snow-children learn. They generally work by lamplight, for in this snow island the winter days are long and dark, because the sun rises *very* late in the morning and sets *very* early in the afternoon.

It was snowing hard one day. The drifts almost covered the village and the wind blew the ice-packs down from the North, until the ocean, all the way over to the nearest land, was piled up with hummocks, as high as a house.

Over these hummocks there came next day a big white bear. Some one spied him and there was great excitement. All the men and boys hurried to find him. The teacher went too, and his wife was left alone in the schoolhouse with a class of girls.

Presently a queer scratching noise was heard, then a pane of glass was broken, and in through the hole came the nose of a big bear. This was not very pleasant, for at any moment the rest of the bear might follow the nose into the room! The frightened children hid under the desk—all but Pingassuk. She got the big poker, whacked the bear's nose, and down it went. Then the missionary's wife locked the door and pulled down the shade (I don't know why), but she remembered that wild animals are afraid of fire, so she took the lamp and an old newspaper (it must have been old, for mail comes to the snow-island only once a year and that is in the summer) and stood in front of the window and *listened.* The children were almost too frightened to breathe. Presently, *scratch, scratch,* and in through the hole came Mr. Bruin's nose. Presto! the teacher set fire to the paper, threw up the shade, the paper blazed up, Pingassuk whacked away with the poker, and out and down went the bear.

That night a man shot a big polar bear, and found pieces of glass in several cuts in his nose, and *that* is the end of the snow-children's bear story.

But the schoolhouse still stands on the icy island and the flag floats from it, and the fur-dressed snow-children are learning to read, to think, and to do right.

*Crowell, "Growing Up in America." By permission, Woman's Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.

WHEN TOMMY WAS THE FOREIGNER *

Tommy Bryan did not like No. 4 school because there were so many foreigners, but since that was his district, he had to go there whether he liked it or not. One night he scolded about a new "Dutchie" who had just entered. "Maybe it is as hard on him as it is on you," teased his father, but Tommy said decidedly: "Well, anyhow, if I did go to a new place, I wouldn't act so stupid and wear such silly clothes."

No sooner had Tommy gotten in bed that night, than a queer little man came to him and said:

"Hurry, Tommy, it's time to go!"

"Go where?" asked Tommy.

"To Holland, of course. Didn't you know your family were going to move there?"

"No, and I don't want to go," said Tommy; but the little man insisted till Tommy dragged himself out to the airship. An airship ride is fun, even to Holland, and it seemed only a few minutes till they came to the ground with a bump, and the little man said, "Now run along to school; there are some boys going now." The airship flew up again and there was nothing for Tommy to do but follow the boys to the schoolhouse. As he entered the room, every child there looked up at him, stared, giggled, turned to each other, and stared and giggled again. Tommy did not need to understand their language to know that they were making fun of him. The teacher gave him a seat and even she smiled a little. What was so queer about himself? People at home had never laughed at him.

He could not do any of their school work the teacher assigned, and the other pupils called him stupid. He could not play their games and they made fun of him again. And now he could understand all they said to him as they called out: "Yankee! Yankee! Look at his funny shoes—soft instead of wood. Can't your father make you better shoes than that? See his hair, cut close to his head. Trying to keep cool? What funny trousers! Ran out of cloth, didn't they, to make them so tight?" Tommy stood still, uncertain whether to try to explain that all American boys dressed like that, but the boys ran on, saying, "What is he here for? We don't want foreigners in our school!"

"Well, I didn't want to come," thought Tommy. "They are horrid! I wouldn't treat a dog like they treated——" "What is the matter, Tommy?" asked his mother. "You were talking so loud, I thought you were having early callers." Tommy looked. Yes, it was morning, and he was at home. "Why, mother, they made fun of my clothes, my hair, everything—oh, I forget, it was a dream." He finished telling her while he ate breakfast and she asked quietly, "Then it wasn't any fun being the foreigner?" Just then the boys called for him, and as one of them shouted, "Here comes Dutchie!" Tommy's mother heard him say, "Now look a-here, fellows, he can't help it cause he's here. Probably he doesn't like it any better than we would in Holland. Let him alone and be decent to him!"

'TATER'S VICTORY†

BY EDITH TAYLOR

It is "cotton picking season." The fields, stretching in all directions from the little Southern village, are white. The yellow and pink cotton blossoms make a pretty bit of color in the rows, giving character

*Kollock, "Immigration Picture Stories." Missionary Education Movement.
†*Everyland*, September, 1910.

to what would otherwise be a too unbroken stretch of white.

There are some fine voices in the field to-day. Unc' Badger Griffin, the stalwart old Negro in overalls, has a bass which thunders and rolls like the notes of a pipe organ. And "Missy," the pretty mulatto girl, picking near the road, sings a soprano so clear and sweet that the birds, it would seem, must stop their singing to listen.

It is a perfect day. The October sun shines with caressing warmth on the autumnal beauty below. How good to be alive! Is it possible that hearts can ache when all nature is so beautiful?

Alas! A child in a faded homespun dress is not singing with the others. There are signs of distress on her little black face, and her ragged sleeve is ever and anon drawn across her eyes to wipe away something.

"Mos' noon, an' I ain' even pick twenty-fi' poun's yit!" she exclaims, in tones of distress. Even as she speaks, a long-drawn whistle from the cotton gin proclaims the hour of midday.

"'Tater!" comes in strident tones across the field, "come git yo' dinner!"

Her real name is Mary Amanda Emmerline Seek More Pleasure Caroline. Evidently Aunt Jinnie, her mother, was in a talkative humor when she named her! The little girl is called "'Tater" for no particular reason, save that it is easy to say, and represents so delectable a morsel.

"Muh, I ain' hongry," answers the child.

"You come 'long—ain' you done hyar me call?"

At this 'Tater leaves her place in the field and joins her mother. The tin bucket, which has hung all the morning on a low pine bough at the edge of the wood, has been opened by Aunt Jinnie. Ordinarily its contents would cause a gleam of delight in 'Tater's eyes, but today not even the large sweet potato thrust into her hand can bring gladness to her heart. She eats in nervous haste, swallowing her food in great gulps.

"Lemme go now, muh!" she begs, wiping the remains of the feast from her mouth with the hem of her dress. "I done eat a plenty, you know I is."

"Now you wait. 'Tain't no use fer you to be in sech a pow'ful hurry to git ter pickin', 'ca'se you cain't posserbly pick no hundred poun's twix now'n sundown." Then her tone softens. "Mammy's feared you'll git sick, baby."

"No, muh, I ain' gwine git sick. An' I'se jes boun' t' go back t' pickin'. I'se gotter pick a hundred poun's, so's I kin git forty cents."

Aunt Jinnie's heart softens at the sight of the earnest face upturned to her own. "G'long, den," she says good-naturedly.

The truth of the matter is this: 'Tater is trying to earn money enough to buy a dress. To-morrow is Sunday, and 'Tater has nothing to wear to Sunday-school.

The colored people's Sunday-school is a new thing in the village. It has been recently organized by some of the white people. 'Tater has attended every Sunday; she has learned to love it, and the lessons learned there have already made a difference in her little life.

But last week a dire thing happened. 'Tater's best dress—in truth, her only dress save the discolored homespun she wears in the field, had, after a careful washing by her mother's capable hands, been hung on a line to dry. But "Shine," a yellow cur who skulked about the cabin, dragged the poor little dress from the line and made short work of it.

To 'Tater this was a tragedy. Her only dress, and the wherewithal for another nowhere to be seen, unless 'Tater could pick cotton and earn the money

herself; for there are many mouths to feed, and rent is due next week.

Mr. Boon, the owner of the field, paid the pickers forty cents for picking a hundred pounds of cotton. And Mary Oates, a little white girl in the village, had a dress she had outgrown, which she offered to sell to 'Tater for forty cents.

To an ordinary picker one hundred pounds a day is a small amount. The more proficient often pick four times that much. But to 'Tater, who was "puny" and had not been in the field at all this season, it seemed a mighty task.

Shadows are beginning to gather as 'Tater, trembling all over with excitement and weariness, empties her last bag of cotton, then stands back, eyeing the soft mound of white on the sheet before her.

Having spent much of her life in the cotton field, one glance enables her to make a rough estimate of how much a pile contains, and tears, that have been near the surface all day, begin to trickle down her cheeks. For 'Tater—poor little 'Tater!—realizes that she has not picked the coveted hundred pounds.

Miss Elsie, the pretty young white lady who teaches 'Tater's class, has promised a Testament to each scholar who comes every Sunday before Christmas. How 'Tater longs for a Testament of her own!

Twilight deepens. Already the pine wood seems like a dark blur against the horizon; the whole sky is pink with the afterglow of the sunset.

Only two or three pickers are still at work. One of these is 'Tater's mother. She knows that rent is due next week, and is determined to work as long as daylight lasts. Near her the sweet singer, "Missy," the brag picker of the field, keeps at her work.

Winking back her tears, 'Tater looks at Missy's sheet and then at her own. The contrast is pitiful. A sudden thought enters her mind. She can change some of Missy's cotton to her own pile!

Missy will never know, for 'Tater can take it from different places. A few quick movements of her hands, and 'Tater will have enough cotton to bring in the desired forty cents.

'Tater stoops over. Her heart beats fast. Suppose Missy should creep up unawares? No, Missy is still picking; 'Tater can hear her singing.

Then another question presents itself—her heart almost stops beating—surely this is not stealing!

'Tater stops abruptly. A look of unutterable disappointment dawns on her little black face, but she says half aloud: "It ain't mine, dis cotton ain't. It b'long to Missy. An' I reckin it ud be stealin' if I was t' take it. Stealin'!"

The verse Miss Elsie had taught the class that same Sunday had been "Thou shalt not steal." The words came back to her with a shock.

"Oh," she says, "s'pose I done it!" With a little cry, she drops on her knees. "O Gawd," she prays, "I come mighty nigh stealin, an' I'se 'fraid I gwine to do it yit. O Gawd, hol' my han's, an' don' let em go ontel Missy come an take her cotton 'way. I wants it so bad, Gawd. I got mos' hundred poun's, an' I—I'se so skeered I gwine take some o' Missy's. O Gawd, hol' my han's; don' lemme do it! Amen."

"'Tater!" It is Missy's voice, and it sounds so near that 'Tater jumps up, terrified. Suppose Missy has heard the prayer!

"Whatcher want?" she asks, with trembling lips.

"Jes' wanter see how much you done pick. Yo' ma tol' me how set on pickin' forty cents' worth you wus. Law, you got a heap, ain't you?" she adds, encour-

agingly. "Maybe you got more'n you think."

"'Fraid I ain't got a hundred poun's," she says wearily.

Missy looks at her for a moment, and a queer look comes on her face.

"I say, 'Tater," she says, "go'n ax you ma ef she's ready to go. She tol' me to wait on her. I'll tie up yo' bun'le," she adds.

'Tater obeys listlessly, and soon the three are wending their way to the cotton platform, where the weighing is to take place.

'Tater's cotton is weighed last. She stands by, watching, with mingled hope and distress on her face.

Then—oh, joy!—the man who is weighing says, "One hundred pounds, exactly."

A sudden gleam of delight transforms 'Tater's face. Every tooth in her head comes into view, her eyes sparkle, her voice trembles in a transport of happiness.

They give forty cents into her claw-like brown hands, and she turns to her mother, who waits with a gratified look on her old face.

"Come on, muh," 'Tater's voice rings out. "I's gwine to get dat dress. I kin go to Sunday-school to-morrer."

They disappear into the night, and Missy, with a smile on her kindly face, says softly, "I'm orful glad I done it."

THE HOPI RED-HEADED MAN

You have all heard of the Bogie Man,
  And how he wanders about,
And of ghosts and goblins and fairies too,
  And how you had better watch out.
But this will tell of another man,
  Whose name is not so well known,
For this strange little man lives far away
  In the Hopi Indians' home.

High up on the top of a rocky cliff,
  In a village three centuries old,
The little red children tremble in fear
  When tales of this man are told.
By the dusky light of the smoldering fire
  The grandmother old will tell
Of the Red-headed Man, who for many years
  Has guarded the village so well.

How on moonlight nights he may be seen
  On the graves of the village there,
And any child that has been bad that day
  At night had better beware;
For if he does not, Red-headed Man
  Might catch him, then oh, my!
He would carry him off to his secret home
  As swift as a bird could fly.

The Red-headed Man has a bag in his hand,
  Bright red, just like his hair;
So of course the little boys and girls
  Feel as though they should take care.
And every day as they work or play
  They do the best they can,
For don't you see, if they didn't they'd be
  Carried off by the Red-headed Man.

—*Minnie H. Linton.*

By permission, Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society.

THE LEAST OF THESE

Dago, and Sheeny, and Chink;
  Greaser, and Nigger, and Jap;
The devil invented these terms, I think,
  To hurl at each hopeful chap
Who comes so far over the foam
  To this land of his heart's desire,
To rear his brood, to build his home,
  And to kindle his hearthstone fire.
While the eyes with joy are blurred,
  Lo, we make the strong man sink,
And stab the soul with the hateful word,
  Dago, and Sheeny, and Chink.

Dago, and Sheeny, and Chink,
These are the vipers that swarm
Up from the edge of perdition's brink,
To hurt and dishearten and harm.
Oh shame, when their Roman forebears walked
Where the first of the Cæsars trod;
Oh shame, when their Hebrew fathers talked
With Moses and he with God.
These swarthy sons of Japhet and Shem
Gave the goblet of life's sweet drink
To the thirsty world, which now gives them
Dago, and Sheeny, and Chink.

Dago, and Sheeny, and Chink;
Greaser, and Nigger, and Jap;
From none of them doth Jehovah shrink;
He lifteth them all to his lap.
And the Christ, in his kingly grace,
When their sad low sob he hears,
Puts his tender embrace around each race
As he kisses away our tears;
Saying, "Oh least of these, I link
Thee to me, for whatever may hap;
Dago, and Sheeny, and Chink,
Greaser, and Nigger, and Jap."

—*Bishop Robert McIntyre.*

By Permission.

LULLABY OF THE IROQUOIS

(Tekahionwake)

Wee brown baby-bird, lapped in your nest,
Wrapped in your nest;
Strapped in your nest;
Your straight little cradle-board rocks you to rest.
Its hands are your nest;
Its bands are your nest;
It swings from the down-bending branch of the oak.
You watch the camp flame, and the curling gray smoke;
But, oh! for your pretty black eyes, sleep is best.
Little brown babe of mine, go to rest.

Little brown baby-bird swinging to sleep
Winging to sleep,
Singing to sleep,
Your wonder-black eyes that so wide open keep.
Shielding their sleep,
Unyielding to sleep;
The heron is homing, the plover is still,
The night-owl calls from his haunt on the hill,
Afar the fox barks, afar the stars peep,
Little brown babe of mine, go to sleep.

—*E. Pauline Johnson.*

By permission, Over Sea and Land.

NOTE.—If this recitation could be given by a Junior girl in costume, with an Indian doll in her arms, or something representing the Indian papoose in its cradle, it would be very effective.

I LOVE THE WEST

I love the West, the wild, wild West;
I love its snow-capped mountains;
Its canyons, valleys, sunny glens,
Its forests deep and grassy fens,
Its streams and dashing fountains.

I love the West, the new, new West;
Her veins new blood is flushing;
New homes, new towns, new cities rise;
From every land beneath the skies
New life to her is rushing.

I love the West, the Christless West;
My heart goes out in sorrow
To miners', loggers', ranchers' camp,
To thousand hearts without God's Lamp—
Oh, dark must be their morrow!

I love the West, the Christian West;
God bless the sons and daughters
Who hasten there God's Word to take,
Who spend their lives for his dear sake,
Who sow beside all waters.

I love the West, the coming West,
When, all our land adorning,
The Sun of Righteousness shall rise,

Illuminate the Western skies,
And usher in that morning!

—*Emma L. Miller.*

By permission, United Brethren Board of Home Missions.

THE KAIAK*

Over the briny wave I go,
In spite of the weather, in spite of the snow;
What cares this hardy Eskimo?
In my little skiff with paddle and lance,
I glide where the foaming billows dance.
And when the cautious seal I spy,
I poise my ready lance on high,
And then, like lightning, let it fly.

Round me the sea-birds dip and soar,
Like me they love the ocean's roar.
Sometimes a floating iceberg gleams
Above me with its melting streams.
Sometimes a rushing wave will fall
Down on my skiff and cover it all.
But what care I for the waves' attack?
With my paddle I right my little kaiak,
And then its weight I speedily trim,
And over the waters away I skim.

—*Anonymous.*

THE CHINESE IN OUR LAND

I come from a land that is over the sea,
And in this land you call me "the heathen Chinee;"
You laugh at my ways and my long, braided hair,
At the food that I eat, and the clothes that I wear.

Are you little Christians—you Melican boys—
Who pelt me with stones and who scare me with noise?
Such words that you speak, and such deeds that you do,
Will ne'er make a Christian of heathen Ching Foo.
I may turn from my gods to the God that you praise,
When you love me, and teach me, and show me his ways.

—*Anonymous.*

By permission, Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society.

NOTE.—A costume would add to the effect.

A BOY IN THE PHILIPPINES

He's a boy in the Philippines;
Shall we grasp his brown right hand?
No matter what he wears,
No matter how he fares,
He belongs to our own loved land.

Yes, his language is strange to us,
And strange are his old-world ways;
But he's ours to reach,
And he's ours to teach,
And we'll find that the teaching pays.

He's a boy in the Philippines,
His future we cannot see;
But cheer him at the start
For the hope that's in his heart
And the man we trust he'll be.

—*Anonymous.*

FILIPINO RIDDLES

The mother says, "Let us stand up," but the children say, "Let us lie across."
Answer—A ladder.

At night they come without being fetched and by day they are lost without being stolen.
Answer—The stars.

Here he comes with glowing charcoal on his head.
Answer—A cock.

*The kaiak is a little skiff used by the Eskimos.

Africa

GENERAL INFORMATION

For statistics, denominational information, maps, curios, pictures, etc., apply to your denominational headquarters. See list of correspondents at end of this book.

For pictures and slides, apply to the Missionary Education Movement, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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Kelly: Peeps at Egypt. The Macmillan Co. .55
Kidd: Peeps at South Africa. The Macmillan Co. .55
Mathews: Livingstone the Pathfinder. Missionary Education Movement. .60
Mendenhall: Livingstone Hero Stories. Missionary Education Movement. .15

Missionary Object Lessons for Children.—Africa. Missionary Education Movement. Complete set. 1.50

This outfit consists of the ground plan of an African kraal, or hut; two dolls, a boy and a girl; tom-tom; two small sticks; hair comb; wooden pillow; hoe; battle-ax; calabash; stick for oro worship; hammock; beads and feathers; cowry-shells; fetish. The story of the various adventures of Katla and Ara, two African children, will furnish lesson material for several weeks for mission bands, children's societies, and primary departments of Sunday-schools.

COSTUMES

AFRICA

Girl: A straight tunic of red or flowered calico, reaching below the knees, short sleeves, above the elbow. Red kerchief crossed over the shoulders. Black stockings, no shoes. Face and hands may be blackened.

Boy: A straight tunic of cotton goods, white or colored, reaching below the knees, and without sleeves. Another costume would be, short trousers to the knee; jacket with or without sleeves; made of striped blue-and-white, red-and-white, or brown-and-white cotton material.

STORIES TO TELL

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A Fight with a Lion.
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From *Adventures with Four-Footed Folk.*

FACTS ABOUT AFRICA FOR JUNIORS

BY A. B. FERRIS

I. The Country

A map of Africa is of course essential in these talks. If a large map of the world, showing Africa in comparison with other countries, could be used in this first talk it would be an advantage.

Let us look at the size of Africa. It is the second largest continent and is so large that the United States could be tucked nicely into this southern portion.

Which is Africa's longest river? (The Nile.) The Nile is also the longest river in the world. Africa has, too, the longest lake in the world—Tanganyika. The Kongo and Zambezi rivers are also very important.

Besides having the longest river and the longest lake, Africa also possesses the greatest desert in the world. What is its name? (Sahara.)

Africa is such a big country that it has a great variety of climate. We know that winters are very unlike in different states in our country; so in the great continent of Africa, we find mild, delightful climate in the north on the Mediterranean; a very hot, moist climate in the central part, and a temperate and healthful atmosphere in the southern end.

II. The People

Just as the continent of North America has political divisions—Canada, the United States, Mexico, and Central America—so the continent of Africa is divided into many parts. First year Juniors who have studied the Joseph stories, can tell what country this is (pointing to Egypt). We know something about these people from our Bible lessons. (Draw from the Juniors their conception of the Egyptians as a people, and correct it if necessary.) Along this northern coast there are people who are very much like the Arabs, the people who live over here on the Arabian peninsula.

In the southern Sudan are people like the Negroes we find in our own country. Down here in the central Kongo region where there are forests so dense that it is twilight even at noontime on the ground beneath their branches, there lives a race of dark pigmies, some of them hardly more than three feet high.

In the vicinity of the pigmies and south of them are the Bantu peoples, the Hottentots and little Bushmen.

III. The Religion

Most of the people of Africa have a very faint idea of God, and speak of him as the Great-Great, or Old-Old, but they

do not think that he cares for them or loves them. They worship spirits which they imagine live in stones, in queer-shaped trees, and in all sorts of natural objects. They believe that these spirits are always evil, so they are very much afraid of them.

The Africans particularly fear witches and wizards. If they are sick, they think some enemy has bewitched them. If they are unsuccessful in a hunt, they believe magic has been used against them. They have a witch-doctor, whose business it is to find out by charms or by "smelling" the person who has made his neighbor ill by witchcraft. When the witch-doctor claims he has found the guilty person, that poor man or woman is put to death in a very cruel way. The British Government is trying to stop this custom in many parts of Africa. But it is still largely practised.

In order to guard against evil spirits and witches, the Africans make charms or fetishes, as they call them, out of bits of hair, bone, the claws of animals, and other queer objects, or little carved images. These charms they wear around their necks or about their persons somewhere. There are 130,000,000 Africans and most of them have not been taught to know God, their Heavenly Father.

When Jesus was a small baby he was brought to Africa. Do you remember where and why he was brought? We must now send Bibles and teachers to the people in Africa that they may know him and live as he taught. Already there are many thousand Christians in Africa.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

An Acrostic for Older Primary and Younger Junior Pupils.

D is for David, a boy of the mill
Whose greatest ambition was doing God's
will.

A is for Africa, land o'er the sea,
Where as God's servant most faithful was
he.

V is for voyages far, far away,
Facing strange peoples in hostile array.

I for the iron of nerve and of brain
In meeting dark foes and in bearing the
strain.

D is for duty so splendidly done
In forest and desert and tropical sun.

L is for Livingstone traveling alone,
Footsore and weary and far from his
home.

I is for ills he so patiently bore
"In journeying oft" till he reached Afric's
shore.

V for the voice that the glad tidings told
In ways at once winning, effective and
bold.

I for the issue he sought in his toil
To sow gospel seed in an African soil.

N for the Nile, toward which, weary and
weak,
Brave Livingstone traveled, its sources to
seek.

G for the goods which as money he gave,
Honest alike to the chief and the slave.

S for the slave-trade he strove to put
down
By messages reaching the whole world
around.

T for the tidings in letters that came
Of wondrous discoveries that brought him
world fame.

O for the orders that Stanley received
To search for the man for whom nations
grieved.

N for the Negroes who showed him the
  way
And cared for his burdens by night and
  by day.

E is for England, where, at the end of his
  quest,
They gave him a place in the Abbey to
  rest.

—Ruth G. Winant.

FAITHFUL FRIENDS*

In David Livingstone's camp on the southern shores of Lake Bangweolo his men were talking in low tones. "Master is too ill to travel to-day," said Susi. "He has taken medicine from his chest for many days, but he grows weaker." "It is the rain," said Chumah. "Every day we must travel through the rain and wade the marshes." "Master says if the sun would shine and we were on high ground, he would get well again." "Let us make a bed for him which we can fasten to a pole and bear on our shoulders. We will carry him until he is strong again." "Good!" said the other men, and quickly they fastened his stretcher by stout ropes to a long pole and made a swinging bed. When it was finished they came to Livingstone's hut, and, showing him what they had made, said: "Master, let us carry you until you are strong again." "Good Susi, good Chumah," said Livingstone. "May God, our Father, reward you." "He has rewarded us in giving us our Master," said they. Tenderly they lifted their sick leader and placed the pole on their shoulders; and the large company, who had now broken camp, started on their day's march.

After an hour or two of travel, with the constant splash, splash of mud and water, which filled the paths and covered the country about, they reached a strip of higher ground. "Let us rest a little here," said Livingstone. "I want to see where we are." "Will Master have something to eat now?" asked Susi as he came to Livingstone's side with a bowl of food. "I cannot eat any of it," was the reply. "But Master has not eaten any food to-day and little for many days," said Susi, distressed. "If we only could reach a village where there were herds and could get milk!" sighed Livingstone. "Alas, Master, alas, the slave raiders have left neither villages nor herds in this country." "Yes, yes, I know," said the master wearily, and he lay down again to rest. All that day they marched, fording streams, where they carried the master on their shoulders, through marshes and across great rivers. Many times they passed the ruins of a village where the slave raiders had done their awful work of burning, stealing, and capturing the people for slaves, leaving only a desolate country behind. At night they camped on a hillside overlooking the lake. They quickly built a little hut for the master and a fire in front of it, so he could rest comfortably there. The men resolved that night in their council to go to Chitambo's village, for their eyes told them that their master could not be with them much longer, but their hearts refused to believe it. Four long days they marched steadily through the rain. At last they came to the village where Chitambo was chief.

The news of their arrival spread quickly, and the men in the village came to look at the white man. He lay on his stretcher under the wide eaves of a hut where the carriers had placed him, for protection from the drizzling rain, while they built a hut for him. "He is a great chief," they said. "We have many times heard of him. He is good to his men."

*Mendenhall, "Livingstone Hero Stories," Missionary Education Movement.

Presently the new hut was ready and they tenderly laid Livingstone on the bed that they had made of boughs and grass, over which they spread their blankets. They placed his medicine chest by his side on a large box which answered for a table and built a good fire in front of the hut. Their master was in great pain and they were distressed, for they could do nothing to relieve him. Susi lovingly cared for him all that day and did not leave his side that night.

The next morning Chief Chitambo called at the hut where his guest, the white master lay sick. It was with difficulty that Livingstone could raise his head, but he bowed to the chief, who said: "The White Master is very sick. What does Chitambo or his men have that would help the White Chief to get strong again?" "Chitambo is very kind," was the faint reply. "Rest and food, which my men are giving me, are all I need now. Will Chitambo come again to-morrow, when I am stronger and can talk with him?" "Yes, yes," said the chief, but he looked long and tenderly at the thin, pale face before he passed out.

That night Majwara slept at the door of the hut. Late in the night he awakened and after looking in the hut ran to Susi and said, "Come quickly to Master." Susi with four others hurried to the hut and there by the dim light of the candle they saw their master kneeling by the side of his bed. They were frightened, for they knew he was very weak, but they waited reverently while he prayed. Presently they slipped in and found that their master had offered his last prayer and his spirit had gone home to his Father.

Quietly all the men gathered outside the hut. "Never was there another such master," said they. "He was a father to us when we were sick and nursed us like we were his children." "Ah, he taught us of the great Father who helps his children." "What shall we do with the body of Master?" some one asked after a time. "Did he not come from his home across the seas to help us?" "Then we must send his body back across the seas to rest with his fathers." "Yes," said they all, "he must go home. We will meet many enemies, but the bearers of the White Master can face many enemies and dangers." "Who shall be our leader? The task is great." "Susi and Chumah shall be our chiefs. We will obey them," was the reply. "Ah, yes," said they, "we will all obey Susi and Chumah."

Their first work was to collect all of their master's things, which they did down to the last button. "His family and friends must have these," said Chumah, as they tenderly packed his clothing, together with his compass and charts. Then a day of mourning was called. Chitambo and all of his men came. "He was a good one," said they. "He had no slaves." "He never beat his men." "He loved us, for he was our brother," said another. Under a great mvula tree they buried his heart. One man cut an inscription on the tree, giving Livingstone's name and the date of his death. "Will you always keep the grass cut from under this tree?" demanded the men from Chitambo. "Yes I promise," replied the chief. "I promise always to keep the grass cleared away, so fire may not hurt the tree. I will protect the spot where our friend the White Master lay and where his heart is buried."

For fourteen days the men worked unceasingly. At last the little company started on their long march to the sea. The body of their master, which they had embalmed and wrapped in the huge bark of a tree, was lashed to a pole and carried on their shoulders. The men who had traveled with Livingstone for eight long years through forests, plains, and swamps started now on the last and hard-

est journey of their lives with their master.

After three days' marching Susi became very sick, so he could not move; soon half the company were down with the fever and two of them died. It was a month before they could start on again. They waded marshes, forded streams, and crossed the Luapula river, which was swollen until it was four miles wide. Sometimes the tribes through whose country they had to pass were unfriendly and would not let them have food or water to drink. The people were often afraid of a dead body and refused to allow the men to travel through their country, or else demanded a high toll. So the company often had to go a long way around. Frequently they traveled at night, and once they were in a terrible fight. But not for a moment did they think of giving up their journey.

When they had gone a long distance they met a relief party coming from England to find Livingstone, and when the Englishmen learned that Livingstone was dead they said, "We will bury his body here." "No," said Susi and Chumah, "our White Master came from his home in the far country to help us. Now we must send his body back to rest with his fathers. We will take it on to the coast." And so they did. After nine long months of travel over more than a thousand miles of wild, trackless country they came at last to the coast city and went to the British consul. Before this man who represented the British government they laid down their burden for the last time. Few words were spoken. The black men stood with bowed heads, each man leaning on his staff, gazing at that object which was the body of him they loved so much. Presently, with sad hearts and heavy footsteps, they turned, one by one, and left their precious burden with the consul. They had finished their service of love.

AFRICAN GAMES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS*

Hen and Wildcat

One is chosen to be the hen and one the cat, the others form the brood of chickens. The hen leads the chickens around and warns them of approaching danger. The cat springs out and tries to catch any silly chicken who fails to drop at the mother-hen's warning.

This game, which depends on the quickness of the players, is likely to be a merry one.

African London Bridge

One is chosen to be the mother, and all the others, except two who form the arch, are the children. The mother with her children passes under the arms of the other two. The child caught is drawn aside for the choice between a cake of gourd seed or a peanut porridge, a necklace of beads or a bow and arrow. The children are caught and ranged in lines until there remain none but the mother and one who is now called "The only child." This remnant of a once numerous family takes to the bush, but the mother comes forth from time to time and tosses a handful of grass toward the others, who ask her in chorus:

"How big is the only child now?"

"The only child creeps," says the mother.

"Hay-a-a!" exclaim the chorus after this.

Chorus: "How old is the only child now?"

Mother: "The only child walks."

Chorus: "Hay-a-a!"

And so on until the only child grows

*From *Children at Play in Many Lands*, by Katharine Stanley Hall; and *Other Children*, by Jean Kenyon McKenzie.

up, is married, and has a baby of her own. Then the grandmother is asked questions about the child of the only child.

Chorus: "How old is the child of the only child now?"

Mother: "The child of the only child creeps!"

Chorus: "Hay-a-a!"

And then the grandmother responds that "he walks," "he sets traps," one day "he has killed a little antelope," another day "he has killed a big antelope," and now "he has killed an elephant!"

"Hay-a-a!" shouts the chorus as this climax is reached, and one after another comes to beg a piece of elephant-meat from the child of the only child, who now comes out of hiding. One after another is refused until he finds the one who pleases him, and to her he gives a piece of the meat. They then run away together, all the others following.

China

GENERAL INFORMATION

For statistics of all missionary work, lists of missionaries, reports on various phases of work, for the latest facts in the history of the year, see the *China Mission Year Book.*

For denominational information, maps, pictures, music, and slides, apply to your denominational mission board. See list of correspondents at the end of this book.

For music, see "Music from Foreign Mission Fields," compiled and arranged by Belle M. Brain, United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston and Chicago. Paper, 16 pages, 10 cents, prepaid.

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COSTUMES

CHINESE

The costumes for the girls and boys can be made practically the same. Use blue cotton cloth; other colors, such as brightly flowered goods for the girls' coats, may be used, but the dull blue is more characteristically Chinese. Both boys and girls have long trousers. The girls have a band of embroidery or plain material around the bottom of theirs.

The boys have rather long coats, extending half way between the knee and the ankle. They are fastened together by loops made of tape, with knotted tape buttons

on the right side, closing up to the throat. Over the coat the boys may wear a sleeveless vest, buttoning also on the side. Often the vest is made of black cloth.

The girls have somewhat shorter coats, coming just above the knee. They fasten like those for boys. The sleeves are straight and do not come into a tight cuff at the wrist. Often the girls' coats are edged with embroidery or plain material. Black is very effective.

Typical China costumes for men, women, and children may be rented from the Missionary Education Movement, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City. These costumes are valuable for pageants, missionary plays, dialogs, individual speakers, and missionary meetings and services of every kind. Catalog sent on request.

STORY ABOUT CHINA FOR PRIMARY CHILDREN

BY A. B. FERRIS

Far away over the sea, there are some little children who have bright little round faces, black eyes, and straight black hair. They are our little Chinese brothers and sisters. They do not dress quite as we do, but look like this doll, which little Chinese girls play with. (Shows Chinese doll.) They play all sorts of games and know many Chinese Mother Goose rhymes.

We say "This little pig goes to market" (perhaps a child may finish the rhyme), while they say (taking hold of the fingers of the nearest child):

This one's old,
This one's young,
This one has no meat;
This one's gone
To buy some hay,
And this one's on the street.

Instead of "Jack and Jill"—can some one say "Jack and Jill" for us?—the Chinese children tell a story about a little mouse:

He climbed up the candlestick,
The little mousy brown,
To steal and eat tallow,
And he couldn't get down.
He called for his grandma,
But his grandma was in town,
So he doubled up into a wheel,
And rolled himself down.

And when the wind blows at night, they sing a little song about "Old Grandmother Wind":

Old Grandmother Wind has come from the east;
She's ridden a donkey—a dear little beast.
Old mother-in-law Rain has come back again,
She's come from the north on a horse, it is plain.

Old grandmother Snow is coming you know,
From the west on a crane—just see how they go!
And old aunty Lightning has come from the south,
On a big yellow dog with a bit in his mouth.

But one unhappy thing about these Chinese little people is that they and their mothers and fathers do not know that they have a Heavenly Father who loves them. They never say "Now I lay me down to sleep." They don't know that our Heavenly Father takes care of them during the night, nor that he gives them food and flowers and all the beautiful things out of doors, so they can't say "thank you" to him. The only way they can know about our Heavenly Father and Jesus and Christmas and Sunday is for us to tell them. And don't you think our Heavenly Father would like to have us tell them about him and his love?

They haven't any kindergartens nor Sunday-schools to go to, and they don't even know when Sunday comes. It's just

like any other day, and those who are old enough have to go to school on that day just as our brothers and sisters go to school on Monday.

We can all help by bringing our offerings to Sunday-school every single Sunday and never forgetting, for part of it will help send some teachers to our little Chinese brothers and sisters. The teachers have to travel such a distance to China on the train and on the big boats, that the money we give will be needed to help buy their tickets, and more of it to help build Sunday-schools after they get there. Think how happy our Father in Heaven will be when all the little Chinese boys and girls know and love him.

NOTE.—The children might be invited to bring picture-cards to send to a mission school. This would be a very simple mode of "helping" that little children can understand.

Hymns appropriate to use in connection with this story are "Jesus loves me," "All things bright and beautiful," or "He prayeth best who loveth best," as these help to bring out the idea of God's universal love, and the last teaches that we must love all, too, if we would serve acceptably.

STORIES TO TELL

My Experiences in America. Lew Han Lin
The Completion of the Moon.... Pau Tsu
Greater than the Conqueror, Anita B. Ferris
The Colored Glasses......... Sui Sin Far
A Chinese Waif in War-time, Ralph D. Paine
Stories I Learned at School, Shih Chao Hsu

These stories, and much other valuable material for boys and girls appear in the Chinese number of *Everyland,* March, 1914.

Ought-to-Have-Been-a-Boy, Fanny L. Kollock
Chinese Fairy Stories............ Pitman
Making the First Chinese Bible. . International Graded Sunday School Lessons

THE BOY WHO WAS NOT AFRAID.*

Seng had attended the mission school from the time he was the tiniest boy in the kindergarten until the time of the Boxer war when he was ten years old. His father was a Christian, so was his mother, and Seng had no thought of being anything else himself.

The first that he heard of the war was when his father said one day, "The Boxers are fighting the Christians wherever they find them."

"And who are the Boxers?" asked Seng.

"They are some of our own people who are making war against the foreigners and the Christians," replied his father. "They think the foreigners come here to do us harm instead of good, and they are determined that not one of them shall remain in China."

"But where will the missionaries go? Will they return to their own country?"

"They will not have that chance, son," said Seng's father sadly. "The Boxers are cruel, they offer only one chance of escape, and that is upon the promise that they will worship the gods. Without that promise the Christians are killed."

"Ourselves?" gasped Seng.

"It may be," replied the father.

"But if one should just pretend to worship the idols, would they let him go, even if he really was a Christian?" Seng asked again.

"Son," said his father quietly, "Christians do not lie. They do not need to be afraid of anything that men can do to them, because it is better to be right than to be safe." His father was so serious that Seng said no more about it, but he thought of it many times in the next few days. However, nothing was heard of any trouble in their village, and Seng thought that they were to escape.

Then one day without any warning the

*Kollock, "China Picture Stories," Missionary Education Movement.

Boxers came! From house to house they ran. With wild, angry yells they seized upon every Christian, killing some outright and taking others prisoners. Seng heard the noise and knew without being told what it meant.

"Will they take us, father?" he asked.

"Probably they will, son, but a Christian does not need to be afraid." He had hardly finished speaking, when the door burst open, and the Boxers came in. They asked Seng's father and mother, "Are you Christians?"

"Yes, we are," said the father.

"Well, we will let you go if you will say that you are not," said the leader.

"But it would not be true—we are Christians!" was the quiet answer.

"Now don't be foolish!" said the leader, for he knew Seng's father. "We can't leave any Christians here. Here is one of our own idols,—just bow down to it once, and we will let you go." This time it was the older sister who replied bravely.

"Worship that piece of wood? We worship the real God, not idols!" The Boxers were out of patience now. They did not often give as many chances as they had given here, and seizing Seng's father and mother and sister, they said:

"Then you come with us," and Seng saw his family taken away. He knew he would not see them again. The Boxers did not take Seng at first. They thought he was a bright-looking boy and might make a good soldier after a while. But as the party moved on, one of the men looked straight at him.

"You will have to come too, unless you worship the idols in the temple," he said.

"Indeed I do not, I am a Christian!" declared Seng.

"Oh, you are too small to be a Christian. Here," as he spread on the floor a banner on which was a cross, "just trample on that, and I will know that you are not bad like your father."

"You took that from our school, and I'll not step on it. I am a Christian!" shouted Seng bravely.

"Then you will be punished as they are. Come along!"

Just then a tall, important-looking man came along. "What is this?" he asked.

"Only a stubborn lad who insists that he is a Christian," he was told.

The officer turned to Seng.

"Don't you know that you will be beaten if you say that?"

"But it is the truth!" said Seng.

"You may be killed for saying it," replied the man.

"But it is the truth anyway," was the answer.

"And if I should order you to be killed right away?"

"My father said that Christians don't need to be afraid," said the boy. Then the officer said to the Boxer, "Leave him to me," and taking Seng by the arm he walked away with him. Seng was so frightened that he expected something dreadful to happen every minute. At last they entered a great house, where everything was much finer thany anything Seng had ever seen.

"Where is your family?" asked the man sternly.

"The Boxers took them away, and I guess they will kill them," Seng answered.

"Well, but why didn't they say they were not Christians, and why didn't you say you were not? Don't you know you would all have escaped if you had said that?"

"Yes," said Seng firmly, "we did know it, but Christians do not lie."

The man looked straight at him. "I shall come back soon for you. Will you stay here?" Seng was more frightened than he had ever been in all his life, but he said, "Yes, I'll stay." Probably the

man had gone to bring soldiers to kill him right there; or perhaps they would beat him as he had heard of people being beaten by the Boxers; perhaps something more dreadful than he had ever heard of was to happen. The door was not fastened and he thought of trying to run away, but he remembered his father saying, "Christians do not need to be afraid," and he knew that it would not be honest to run away. It seemed a very long time before the officer returned, and he was still alone.

"Why didn't you try to get away?" he asked.

"But I said I would stay," was the answer from Seng, and the man looked at him curiously. He had left the door unfastened on purpose to see if Seng would not try to escape.

"Well, I have decided that if you will worship the idols as I do, I will let you stay here in my house, where you will be taken care of as if you were my boy. Otherwise—well, you know what happens to Christians."

"Yes, I know, but I am a Christian and I always will be!" Seng declared, though he shook with fear, not knowing what would happen the next minute. The man was angry. This was an unusual sort of boy; never had he seen another like him. He should have one more chance. At last he said:

"Yes, you are now, I know, but perhaps after a while you will see how foolish it is, and do as I want you to."

Seng thought hard for a minute. All he had to do was to say, "Perhaps," and he would have this fine big house to live in, and the man looked as if he might be very kind—if he wanted to be. Seng thought of his father, and he did not even feel afraid as he replied firmly.

"No! Christians never change. I couldn't!"

It seemed hours before the man spoke at last.

"Seng, you are a strange boy, a brave boy. You are to stay with me here, even if you are a Christian, now—and always."

YOW-TO'S FIRST LESSON*

Long, long ago, not far from the Yellow River, lived a little boy whose name was Yow-to. . . . One day when Yow-to was feeling very old and wise, he said to his father: "How can you expect me to make any money, if you keep me housed up forever here at home? Just give me a chance, and I'll show you what a fellow of my ability can do."

His father was somewhat amused, but felt pleased to hear that he was willing to do something toward his own support.

"All right, my boy," said he, "I'll give you a start. I'm not sure you are old enough to go to work for yourself, but I can soon find out. To-morrow you may take a wheelbarrow, fill it with the choicest pears you can find in the orchard, and sell them along the river road. Then we shall see."

Yow-to was delighted with his father's plan. Early the next morning he hurried into the orchard to make first choice of the fruit, and by breakfast time his barrow was laden with the largest and mellowest of Chinese pears.

It was the middle of August, and a sweltering day. The whole world seemed thirsting for the rain that would not fall. As far as the eye could see, the great highway was dotted with blue-clad laborers going to their work, while early-rising hucksters laden with their wares were pushing forward toward the village markets. Other men were walking beside their donkeys in the dusty road, urging on the patient little beasts that stumbled along beneath their loads.

As Yow-to journeyed on, pushing his

*By permission, T. Y. Crowell & Co.

tempting wares before the eyes of thirsty travelers, he knew well that it would be a good day for selling, and he resolved to charge a higher price for pears than his father had suggested.

Many a hard bargain did he drive, and many a copper cash jingled merrily in his money-bag. Yet, so large was his one-wheeled cart that, when he sat down at noon by the roadside to rest beneath a shade tree, some pears still remained for the afternoon. Near by were other toilers also resting, who became his customers and then lolled back in the shade eating contentedly the liquid fruit. A few who had no money eyed the big pears wistfully.

As Yow-to sat munching his wheaten cake he heard some one suddenly approach just behind him, and turning he beheld a bent old man looking longingly in his direction. The stranger's scant beard was white as snow, and his cue had scarcely hair enough to braid.

"What is it, old teacher?" said Yow-to respectfully as the old man came nearer. "Would you like to buy a pear? They are the best on the market."

"Alas, yes, young man," said the sage, "but I have no money."

"Oh," said Yow-to, a chill coming all at once into his voice, "I see."

"But, my friend, I feel sure you can well afford to give an old man one of your pears. You have so many, and I crave but one."

Yow-to made no answer, but, leaning over, picked out one of the fattest pears. The stranger's face lighted up as he saw it, but Yow-to, instead of offering the fruit to him, began to set his own teeth in it.

"Then you refuse to give me one, you who have so many?" said the old man sadly. "I have traveled many weary miles since daylight. I am past seventy, and have not had this day a morsel of bread or a sip of tea."

"I did not come this far in the broiling sun to give out alms," replied Yow-to shortly. "There are beggars enough passing my father's gate each day to eat up everything that grows inside his orchard. If you have money, I am ready for business; if not, why bother me any longer?"

Several of the stragglers under the trees now came up, ready to have a part in what was going on; but they did not takes sides with the young merchant.

"But I am dying of thirst and you can save me," pleaded the man. "Would you see me perish?"

"Give the old fellow a pear, boy, and be done with it," said a bystander. "Judging by the price you charge, you can afford to do a little for charity. If you don't want to give him your largest, pick the smallest in the pile, but, for the sake of pity, don't let the old uncle drop by the roadside."

But Yow-to would not be coaxed into parting with a penny of what might be taken to his father. The pears were his, he told them, and not to be thrown away, not even the smallest, but sold for good copper cash.

"Think how much merit you can win by doing this good deed," suggested one.

"If you wish somebody to win merit," said Yow-to, "buy the pear with your own coin, and give it to the beggar yourself."

At the word "beggar," the aged man's face flushed to a deep red, and he seemed to remain silent only by great effort. The stranger whom Yow-to had challenged, unwilling to lose credit in the eyes of those around him, and at the same time really feeling sorry for the man, quietly counted out the price of a pear.

The graybeard took the gift with a sigh of gratitude, and was soon enjoying it

to the full. Each mouthful apparently gave him as much pleasure as the water of life, and not until the last morsel had disappeared did he turn to the group around him. Beckoning them closer, he bade them watch carefully.

"Look," he said, taking a seed which he had saved from the pear; "behold in this tiny seed a power which will teach each of us a lesson."

Curious to see what he would do next, the group who had by this time gathered about the speaker fixed their eyes sharply on him. Stepping from under the shade tree, he hollowed out a place in the soil and planted the seed. After covering it gently with the soft earth which, strange to say, seemed to grow darker and richer at his touch, he asked if one of the crowd would kindly fetch a pot of water. Ready to help along in the strange thing which seemed about to take place, a little boy ran to do the wizard's bidding.

The water was brought and poured upon the spot where he had buried the seed.

Five minutes passed by—then, "Look, look!" cried the astonished crowd. "Wonder of wonders! a tree is springing up!"

Sure enough, as Yow-to and the others looked, they saw slender shoots growing up before their very gaze. As the planter continued to water his miniature tree, so intense was the excitement round about him, that one and all forgot the burning heat of the August sun. Higher and higher grew the pear tree. Branches sprang from the parent trunk, leaves began to form upon the graceful twigs, until at last a beautiful full-grown tree stood where before the soil had been desolate and barren.

"He is a fairy!" shouted one man.

"A tree god more likely," said another.

"The holy one," cried a third.

But the old man paid no attention to these comments.

"Hark ye," said he, "my labor is not ended."

They cranked their necks again, and saw a thousand tiny buds appearing, which swelled in turn and blossomed until the tree was one mass of fragrant flowers. The petals faded, leaving in their stead a crop of infant pears upon the magic tree. Larger and larger grew the fruit, until at last the strong limbs bowed low beneath the burden.

All those present stood as in a dream, believing that they had been taken suddenly into the heart of fairy-land. Then they heard the old man say: "Pick, eat, and be filled. As you have been merciful unto me, so shall your mercies be returned to you."

Plucking the largest pear within his reach, he handed it to the man who had befriended him. This was the signal for a general stampede, for each one present was wildly anxious to taste of what had been so marvelously produced before his very eyes. So great had the crowd become by this time, that when the last man had taken his share not one pear remained upon the tree.

Then the wizard stepped up to the tree, and rapping upon the bark with his fingers, paused as if awaiting another marvel. At once the tree began to shrivel; the leaves turned brown and withered. Where but an instant before the grateful shade had cooled the passers-by, once more the sun beat down upon their heads.

When there was nothing left but a gnarled piece of wood no larger than a cane, the fairy laid hold of this as one would seize a walking stick, and, saying nothing to the gaping crowd, strode forth along the dusty highway.

The people looked after him until he had disappeared from sight, too amazed to speak.

Yow-to, awaking with a start from his dream of wonder, turned toward his wheelbarrow, thinking it high time to start about his own business. As he looked, another wonder met his gaze—the little cart was entirely empty. A cry of surprise escaped his lips, and in an instant the meaning of the whole thing flashed before him. He had been given, by a miracle, the true reward of the selfish.

Yow-to had learned his first lesson.

—Abridged from "Chinese Fairy Stories," by permission Thos. Y. Crowell Company.

CHINESE MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES*

Arranged for three primary girls with dolls. If possible the dolls should be Chinese, or American dolls dressed in Chinese clothes, their hair arranged in Chinese fashion or covered with caps. It might also be effective to have the little girls dressed in Chinese costume.

FIRST GIRL: (*Taking the doll's foot and pretending to pull each little toe in turn as an American mother does with her baby when she recites "This little pig."*)

This little cow eats grass,
This little cow eats hay,
This little cow drinks water,
This little cow runs away,
This little cow does nothing,
Except lie down all day,
We'll whip her.

(With the last line she playfully pats the foot of the doll.)

SECOND GIRL: (*Pretending in the last part of the stanza to teach her doll to walk.*)

You dear little baby,
Don't you cry;
Your father's drawing water,
In the South, near by.
A red-tasseled hat
He wears on his head.
Your mother's in the kitchen,
Making up bread.
Walk a step, walk a step,
Off he goes;
See, from his shoe-tips
Peep three toes.

THIRD GIRL: (*Rocking her doll in her arms.*)

My baby is sleeping;
My baby's asleep;
My flower is resting;
I'll give you a peep:
How cunning he looks
As he rests on my arm!
My flower's most charming
Of all them that charm.

To be used as a recitation:

There was a little girl
Who would run upon the street.
She took rice and changed it
For good things to eat.

Her mother lost control of her
Until she bound her feet;
But now she's just as good a girl
As you will ever meet.

(*The little girl who recites the following rhyme should walk up and down pretending to water flowers from a basin.*)

I water the flowers; I water the flowers;
I water them morning and evening hours:
I never wait till the flowers are dry;
I water them ere the sun is high.
A basin of water, a basin of tea;
I water the flowers; they're op'ning, you see;
A basin of water, another beside,
I water the flowers; they're op'ning wide.

CHINESE GAMES†

CALL THE CHICKENS HOME

NOTE.—This is a favorite game for little children.

One player is blindfolded, the remaining players are the chickens. The blindman says, "Tsoo, tsoo"—"come and seek your mother." Then the chickens run up and try to touch the one who is blindfolded without being caught. The one caught becomes the blindman.

*Isaac T. Headland, *Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes*. Copyright, Fleming H. Revell Co.

†Games with titles unmarked are from Hall, *Children at Play in Many Lands*, Missionary Education Movement; those with titles marked with ‡ are from Headland, *The Chinese Boy and Girl*, Fleming H. Revell Co.

Skin the Snake‡

The boys all stand in line one behind the other. They bend forward, and each puts one hand between his own legs and thus grasps the disengaged hand of the boy behind him. Of course the front boy and the last boy each have one free hand. They begin backing. The one in the rear lies down and they back over astride of him, each lying down as he backs over the one next behind him with the other's head between his legs and his head between the legs of his neighbor, keeping fast hold of hands. They are thus lying in a straight line. The last one that lies down then gets up, and as he walks astride the line raises each one after him until all are up, when they let go hands and the game is finished.

Eating Fish's Tail

A number of children take hold of each other one behind the other, thus forming the fish. The front ones are the head and the last ones the tail. The head swings around and tries to catch and "eat" the tail. The tail seeks to escape. When the fish is long, it is most exciting.

Cat Catching Mice

One is chosen to be the cat and another the mouse. The other players form a ring, the mouse being within the ring and the cat outside. The circle revolves, and the mouse tries to keep as far as possible from the cat. While the circle is moving the boys may recite if they wish the Chinese rhyme:

"What o'clock is it?
Just struck nine.
Is the mouse at home?
He's about to dine."

Suddenly the ring stops revolving, and as the cat pounces in on one side the mouse runs out at the other. The cat must follow the mouse exactly as it goes in and out of the ring. When the cat finally tires out its victim, he "eats" the mouse. Every cat may "eat" his mouse as he likes.

Hawk Catching Young Chicks‡

A large boy should represent the hen. Any boy may represent the hawk. They form a line with the mother hen in front, each clutching fast hold of the next boy's clothing, with a large active boy at the end of the line. The hawk then comes to catch the chicks, but the mother hen spreads her wings and moves from side to side keeping between the hawk and the brood, while at the same time the line sways from side to side always in the opposite direction from that in which the hawk is going. Every chick caught by the hawk is taken out of the line until they are all gone.

Going to Town*

Two girls stand back to back, hooking their arms, and as one bends forward, she raises the other from the ground, and thus alternating they sing:

Up you go, down you see,
Here's a turnip for you and me;
Here's a pitcher, we'll go to town;
Oh, what a pity, we've fallen down.

At which point they both sit down back to back, their arms still locked, and ask and answer the following questions:

What do you see in the heavens bright?
I see the moon and the stars at night.
What do you see in the earth, pray tell?
I see in the earth a deep, deep well.
What do you see in the well, my dear?
I see a frog and his voice I hear.
What is he saying there on the rock?
"Get up, get up, ke'rh kua, ke'rh kua."

*The girls chosen to play this game first for the others, could quickly memorize the rhymes beforehand, since they are so very simple.

Then they try to get up, but with their arms locked they find it impossible to do so, which causes much merriment.

Let Out the Doves‡

One of the larger girls takes hold of the hands of two of the smaller, one of whom represents a dove and the other a hawk. The hawk stands behind her and the dove in front. She throws the dove away as she might pitch a bird into the air, and as the child runs it waves its arms as though they were wings. She throws the hawk in the same way, and it follows the dove. The owner of the dove then claps her hands as the Chinese do to bring their pet birds to them, and the dove, if not caught, returns to the cage.

CHINESE RIDDLES

In the front are five openings; on the sides are two windows, behind hangs an onion stalk. What is it? (*A Chinaman's head.*)

It takes away the courage of a demon. Its sound is like that of thunder. It frightens men so that they drop their chop-sticks. When one turns one's head around to look at it, it is turned to smoke. What is it? (*A firecracker.*)

It was born in a mountain forest. It died in an earthen chamber. Its soul dispersed to the four winds. And its bones are laid out for sale. What is it? (*Charcoal.*)

What is the fire that has no smoke, and the water that has no fish? (*Lightning, rain.*)

What are the eyes of heaven, the bones of water, and the looking-glass of the sky? (*Stars, ice, a lake.*)

What is it that has a gaping mouth and marches on like an invading army, devouring at every step? (*Scissors.*)

A little house all fallen in, yet it holds five guests. What is it? (*A shoe.*)

On the top of a mountain a tuft of reeds;
Below the mountain two bright lamps;
Below the lamps a grave-mound;
Below the mound a little ditch;
Within the ditch a great big fish;
Below the ditch a drum;
Below the drum two roads branch.

What is it? (*A man's body.*)

Mrs. Bryson tells us, in her *Home Life in China,* that the amusement of solving riddles is so popular in China among all classes that at the time of the "Feast of the Lanterns" you may often see a group of literary men, as well as the common people, gathered around a doorway over which hangs a lantern upon which several enigmas are written.

Prizes varying from several hundreds of cash to some trifling gift of nuts, sweetmeats, etc., are offered for the correct solution of these riddles, and crowds of people collect and engage in eager competition, rather on account of the sport afforded than for the value of the prize offered.

FACTS ABOUT CHINA FOR JUNIORS

NOTE.—These brief topics are intended only as a suggestion and outline for Junior Superintendents. Every Superintendent will enjoy arranging her own talks according to the time at her disposal.

A map is essential in this talk. The older Juniors will have had sufficient geography to answer correctly a few simple questions.

I. Facts About China

Where is China located? Show on the map how you would go from your home to China. Does any one know how far China is from your home? (From New York about 11,000 miles.)

Who can name its two largest rivers? (Hwang Ho and Yangtze.) All of China proper, together with her outlying territory, makes a very large country, larger

than the United States with all her island possessions and Alaska, and she has more than three times as many people as we. If all the people of China took hold of hands, allowing four feet for each person, they would measure ten times around the earth at the equator.

The Chinese nation is very old, and hundreds of years before Christ was born they built a big wall to keep back the wild, savage tribes from entering the northern part of their country. This wall is still standing, and contains so much material that a wall five or six feet high could be made out of it which would reach around the world. Think how patient and persistent the Chinese must have been to build such a wall for a distance of 1,500 miles across the northern part of their country. (Show a picture of the wall.)

Nearly three hundred years ago, some cousins of the Chinese, called the Manchus, were invited into the country from the North in order to settle a quarrel. They liked the country so well they stayed and made themselves the rulers. The Chinese were not glad then to have the Manchus stay, for they did not enjoy having outsiders rule over them.

During the last fifty years the Chinese have come in contact with Europe and America, have shared our education, and have become very patriotic. They began to feel more and more that they wished to rule themselves, and that they wanted their country to be great and progressive like the nations of Europe and America. So in 1912 there was a revolution, the Manchus were removed from the throne, and China for four years became a republic, but in 1915-16 again became an empire, with the president made emperor. Do you know his name? (Show picture of the former president, now emperor.) Here is a new flag of China. (Have a flag made by one of the classes in advance and at this time let them tell the meaning of the colors. The flag should be in the proportion of 2 to 3. It should be made of five horizontal strips of equal width in the following order of colors from top to bottom—red, yellow, blue, white, black.)

The Present Flag of China:

Red for Han, or pure Chinese people
Yellow for Manchu
Blue for Mongolian
White for Tibetan
Black for Mohammedan

II. Manners and Customs

Most of the Chinese people dress as is shown in these pictures. (Show pictures.) Some of them, however, especially in port cities where there are many foreigners, dress more as we do. The people are mostly farmers. They are very industrious and work hard from daylight till dark. The poor people live almost entirely on rice and tea.

Their homes we would not think at all comfortable. For the most part they have earthen floors and a few paper windows or none at all, so they are dark and damp. In winter they are unheated. If a Chinese boy is cold he simply puts another coat on top of the one he is wearing, and they will tell you how cold it is by saying it is a three-coat day or a four-coat day or a five-coat day.

The little children have many nursery rhymes and the boys and girls have numerous games, some of which have been translated for us so that we can play them too. (One or two of the games might be described.)

Most Chinese boys and girls have to go to school on Saturdays and Sundays as well as on other days, and school begins before breakfast at six o'clock in the morning!

The boys of Junior age who go to the

old-fashioned classical schools have to learn all their lessons by heart, shouting them aloud to learn them, and then recite them with their backs to the teacher.

The missionaries, however, have had schools for many years where the pupils study as they do in our country. Now the government has established a new school system much like our own.

The greatest moral teacher of China lived five hundred years before Christ came to earth, and his name was Confucius. He taught the Chinese obedience to their parents and worship of the spirits of their ancesters, so when the mother or father of a Chinese boy or girl dies, the children must worship the spirit of their parent. They offer incense and food to a little wooden tablet in which the spirit is supposed to live.

Many Chinese believe also that there are spirits in the earth and in the air, so they are afraid to dig for coal and other minerals for fear of disturbing the spirits which they believe live in the earth. They build their streets narrow and crooked to prevent the evil spirits from entering their towns, for they believe a spirit cannot turn a corner.

Every Chinese New Year's day a Kitchen god is pasted up in the living-room. This paper god is supposed to see and hear all that goes on in the family during the year, and to carry the report to the "Lord of Heaven" at the end of the year when the Kitchen god is burned and his spirit goes up to heaven in smoke. In order that he may tell no evil tales, they glue his lips shut with some sticky substance before they burn him, while they are said to chant this rhyme:

"Come, god of the Kitchen,
 O grandfather Chang!
Come, here is your pudding
 And here is your tang.
Go, flit up to heaven;
 Be gone in a trice;
Forget all the bad
 And tell only what's nice."

III. Missions

The first Protestant missionary who went to China was Robert Morrison, an Englishman, who journeyed to Canton by way of the United States, in 1807. (If your department is using the graded Sunday-school lessons, the pupils who have had the second year work can tell why Morrison had to come to the United States in order to get to China, and something of the great service which he rendered China.) Since then Christian missionaries have built hospitals, schools, colleges, churches, and started Sunday-schools, and many Chinese have become Christians. (Tell of some way in which your church is serving these people and how the Juniors may help. This you can learn from your denominational mission board.)

WHICH LAND IS TOPSY-TURVEY?*

EXERCISE

Arranged for two Junior boys, one in Chinese costume. The boy representing America may read his part in the dialog, although he should be so familiar with the

*Adapted from pamphlet by Women's Board of Missions, the Methodist Church of Canada.

statements that he does not have to follow the paper all the time. The boy representing China can easily memorize his replies, for of course he simply follows the statements of the American boy.

AMERICA	CHINA
We bake our bread.	We steam ours.
In rowing a boat, we pull.	But we push.
We keep to the right.	We turn to the left.
Our pillows are soft.	Ours are hard.
Our sign of mourning is black.	Ours is white.
Windows in our houses are glass.	Ours are paper.
We shake hands like this (Shows).	This is our way. (Shakes his own hand).
We eat with knives and forks.	We use chop-sticks.
We write with pen or pencil.	We use a brush.
We have an alphabet.	We use characters like this (Holds up a paper with two or three).
We read from left to right horizontally.	But we from right to left perpendicularly.
We study in silence.	We shout aloud.
We divide the day into twenty-four hours.	We into twelve.
The sun gives us our time.	We get ours from the moon.
Our children play marbles and fly kites.	Our old men do those things.
Our given name comes first.	Ours comes last.
Candles are fitted into candle-sticks.	Candle-sticks here fit into candles.
We are fond of milk and butter.	We use neither.
Our boys and men lift their hats.	Ours keep them on.
The needle of our compass points north.	Ours south.

IN CHINA AND AMERICA

EXERCISE

IN CHINA.—An American boy walks across the room or platform. At his heels are two Chinese boys grinning and calling, "Foreign devil! Foreign devil!" They pass off the stage.

IN AMERICA.—The same two Chinese boys walk sedately back across the room or platform with the American boy grinning and calling after them, "Chink, Chink, Chinaman! Chink, Chink, Chinaman."

A CONVERSATION*

Arranged for four Junior boys, three in Chinese costume and one in American dress. The American boy is supposed to be walking along a street in China. The three Chinese boys meet him, gaze at him curiously, block his way. The American bows, and the Chinese reply in native fashion, by clasping the hands, moving them up and down and bowing from the waist at the same time. They then begin their questions with as much naturalness as possible. Personal questions are not considered impolite in China.

FIRST CHINESE BOY: *(Coming close and looking curiously at the American boy.)* Why do you foreigners wear such tight clothes? I don't see how you move in them!

AMERICAN BOY: Oh, they are comfort-

*Based on quotation in Brown, *The Chinese Revolution*, 20, 21.

able. It is the custom in my country to wear clothes like these.

FIRST CHINESE BOY: How queer!

SECOND CHINESE BOY: Why is your hair white—are you very old?

AMERICAN BOY: *(Laughing.)* Oh, that is just the natural color.

THIRD CHINESE BOY: Why do your men wave sticks in the air when they walk along the streets?

AMERICAN BOY: They are carrying *canes,* because, because—oh, it is just a custom in our country, you know.

FIRST CHINESE BOY: *(To second, in a low tone.)* What nonsense!

SECOND CHINESE BOY: Is it true that you foreigners, as I have been told, eat with knives and sharp prongs?

AMERICAN BOY: Why—er—yes—knives and forks, you know. It is the custom in our country.

FIRST CHINESE BOY: Horrible! It must be like eating in the presence of sword swallowers.

SECOND CHINESE BOY: Is it true that you eat great chunks of the flesh of bullocks and of sheep and that you have them brought to your table often in a half raw condition?

AMERICAN BOY: *(Uneasily.)* Well, er, yes, only we call them *roasts,* you know, and we, er—sometimes like them *rare.*

THIRD CHINESE BOY: *(Under his breath.)* Barbarous!

(The Chinese bow as in the beginning, the American returns the salutation, and they leave the room in opposite directions.)

As they all leave the platform, the *First Chinese Boy* remarks to the other two:

"These foreign devils are certainly past civilizing."

CHINESE INVENTIONS*

EXERCISE

FIRST JUNIOR: We are proud that we are Americans, but every Chinese boy may be just as proud that he is Chinese. We think we know a great deal, but many of the things we have learned to do the Chinese knew about centuries and centuries before.

SECOND JUNIOR: The Chinese had gunpowder long ago in firecrackers, so we owe them the noise of the Fourth of July. *(Hangs up a firecracker.)*

THIRD JUNIOR: The Chinese had silk clothes when our ancestors were using goatskins and stone axes in the forests of Britain. *(Hangs up a strip of bright silk.)*

FOURTH JUNIOR: Long before Columbus sailed the seas to find us the Chinese knew the magnetic compass and used it to find the way across the trackless ocean. *(Hangs up a compass or a piece of paper with the points of the compass drawn upon it.)*

FIFTH JUNIOR: The art of printing is our greatest invention which we have enjoyed for more than four hundred years, but the Chinese were using movable types and printing books before the English language was in existence. *(Hangs up a Chinese newspaper.)*

SIXTH JUNIOR: When you sit in church and look up at the beautiful colored windows, just remember that China was the first country to find out how to make glass, and she could do this long before Moses led the children of Israel out of Egypt. *(Hangs up a piece of colored glass.)*

SEVENTH JUNIOR: We all know about our great canals and are proud that our engineers could plan such wonderful

*Based on *Five Missionary Minutes*, published by the Educational Department of the American Board. It is essential to have a map of China for this exercise, beneath which are thumb-tacks or some device for displaying the objects used; an easel may be placed on the platform with extra pegs on which objects may be hung.

pieces of work, yet the Chinese had many canals in their country long before our forefathers in Europe knew anything about them at all. More than one hundred years before Christ was born the Chinese had built a wall of masonry so large that it contains enough material to build a wall five or six feet high around the whole earth. (*Hangs up a piece of concrete or a picture of a canal.*)

EIGHTH JUNIOR: When we sit down to our meals we may be reminded that China was the first country to make porcelain dishes and even yet can do that work better than we. They also make beautiful pottery, enamel, and glazed ware in which they excel every other country in the world. *(Hangs up a piece of china.)*

NINTH JUNIOR: Perhaps you are wondering whether there is anything which we know more about than the Chinese, or that they did not know long before we thought about it. It would seem as if they were the ones to be the teacher, but China has been unwilling up to the present time to be the teacher of other countries, or help them, or share with them her knowledge. With all her discoveries, she never discovered how to give. That is just the one important thing which we have discovered. Christianity has taught us to give the best we have and to share with others, so we have grown and improved with our inventions. China is now asking us to share our greatest discovery with her. (*Holds up Bible.*)

AN AFTERNOON CALL*

DEMONSTRATION

Arranged for five girls, four in Chinese costume and one in American dress.

SCENE: *The Home of an American missionary in China. An American girl sits near a small table sewing. Enter three girls in Chinese costume. The American girl rises, takes two steps and bows; the Chinese girls do the same, taking hold of their left sleeves with the right hand and moving the arms up and down several times in the female version of the Chinese hand-shake.*

AMERICAN GIRL: Have you eaten your rice?

CHINESE GIRLS: *(Together.)* Thank you, we have eaten. Have you eaten also?

AMERICAN GIRL: I have eaten. Pray be seated. *(To oldest girl.)* Please sit here. *(Pointing to a chair on her left, the seat of honor.)*

FIRST CHINESE GIRL: I am unworthy.

AMERICAN GIRL: Yes, please be seated. *(The Chinese girls finally sit down.)*

FIRST CHINESE GIRL: Is there a sun and a moon in your country?

AMERICAN GIRL: The same as in yours.

FIRST CHINESE GIRL: I do not wish to doubt your honorable word, but that seems quite impossible!

SECOND CHINESE GIRL: *(Eagerly.)* Are there hills and trees in your country?

AMERICAN GIRL: Certainly.

SECOND CHINESE GIRL: Indeed!

THIRD CHINESE GIRL: Why do you not have black eyes like ours? Have they faded out?

AMERICAN GIRL: Oh, no, they have not faded; they have always been blue.

A girl dressed as a Chinese servant enters with a tray on which are four cups and saucers and a teapot. She places the tray on the table near the hostess, who pours the tea, the servant taking the cups from her and passing them to each one of the guests in turn, grasping the saucer in both hands. The guests receive the cups with both hands. The servant then retires. The guests do not drink immediately, but hold the cups as they talk. The drinking of tea is always the last thing before the end of a call.

FIRST CHINESE GIRL: Can you see with

*Based partly on Mrs. Bryson, *Home Life in China.*

your eyes several feet down into the earth, and know where gold and silver are lying?

AMERICAN GIRL: Oh, no, I could not possibly do that any more than you could!

SECOND CHINESE GIRL: Why do your women have such large feet, just like men, instead of "golden lilies" very short?

AMERICAN GIRL: It isn't the custom in my country to bind the women's feet. We think it is cruel.

SECOND CHINESE GIRL: *(Rather haughtily.)* It is a custom of our honorable ancestors; besides, how can you possibly get a mother-in-law if you have feet like a man?

THIRD CHINESE GIRL: *(Bending forward to look closely at the American girl's hair.)* Why do you wear your hair in such a strange fashion, instead of having it glued down on wire shapes?

AMERICAN GIRL: It is the custom in my country to wear it this way.

THIRD CHINESE GIRL: Queer!

FIRST CHINESE GIRL: Why do foreign ladies wear coverings over their heads when they go out of doors?

AMERICAN GIRL: Why, to protect them from the sun or keep them warm.

FIRST CHINESE GIRL: It is just like the men!

SECOND CHINESE GIRL: *(To American girl.)* Will you drink tea with us? *(She slightly rises from her chair, bowing.)*

AMERICAN GIRL: *(Bowing in the same way.)* Thank you. *(They all drink their tea, finishing before speaking again.)*

AMERICAN GIRL: I fear my miserable tea is not good to-day.

THIRD CHINESE GIRL: Your exquisite tea is delicious.

FIRST CHINESE GIRL: *(Rising.)* We must go.

AMERICAN GIRL: Pray do not go. The sun is still high.

SECOND CHINESE GIRL: Oh, do not accompany us.

AMERICAN GIRL: Go slowly.

THIRD CHINESE GIRL: Please go back. *(They all bow and leave platform.)*

India and Siam

GENERAL INFORMATION

Apply to your own foreign mission board headquarters for all facts of denominational interest and concern, pictures, maps, and curios. See list of addresses at the end of this book.

Apply also to the Missionary Education Movement, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City, for slides, pictures, and music.

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COSTUMES

BURMESE

Girls: Skirts about two yards wide, of bright striped plaid or figured material, long enough to reach to the ankles. Sew the ends together. The skirt should be drawn tightly around the body, with a fold on the left side. A twist in the waistband on this side is tucked in and holds the skirt up. The skirt must not have a full effect and the fold must lie flat. White waist; a short white jacket of thin material, with ordinary sleeves, double-breasted and fastened with loops on the left side. May be trimmed at the throat and edge of the sleeves with narrow lace. A scarf of thin silk of a dainty color thrown loosely over the shoulders, the ends hanging down in front. The hair should be piled high on the head and decorated with artificial flowers. Low slippers.

Boys: A skirt of material similar to that indicated for girls, put on in the same way, but the waistband is twisted and tucked in at the center in the front. A short jacket of white cotton material, made plainly, and buttoned down the center. Burma boys usually go bareheaded, but when they do wear anything on the head it is a

piece of colored cotton material, such as cheese-cloth, tied around the head, leaving the hair showing in the middle, the ends of the headband hanging down at one side over the shoulder.

SIAMESE

The Siamese boys and girls dress very much like the Burmese.

INDIAN

Hindu Girls: One piece of cotton goods, about a yard wide and ten yards long, of any color. More effective ones could be made with borders. The *sari* is wound around the waist. The first winding should be rather tight. A number of plaits are laid in the back and more in the front, and the goods should reach below the ankles, leaving sufficient material to be thrown over the left shoulder and head and to fall loosely down the right side. Any simple blouse may be worn, preferably white, as the sari practically conceals it. If desired, the plaits for the back and the front may be sewed so that they will be firm, but it is not necessary. In India nothing is used to fasten the sari; it is so skilfully put on that it holds itself. This costume is also worn by Christian girls and women.

Hindu Boys: A turban for the head. This is a long strip of white cotton cloth or cheese-cloth (colored cloths are also used), about seven yards long and half a yard wide. This is wound round and round the head. A strip of white cotton cloth or cheese-cloth about three yards long and one yard wide, the dhotee or loin-cloth, should hang down to the ankles. A rather long white cotton coat completes the costume, with a strip of white, or, better, some colored cotton cloth as a shoulder scarf.

STORIES TO TELL

A Chase for a Tiger
The Cobra's Den
Both stories may be found in *Four-footed Folk.*

The Little Syrian Bride
Everyland, September, 1913.

Frank Baba and the Forty Jungle Brownies

An Odd Sheep
Everyland, June, 1914.

The Wizard and the Beggar
and many others from *Laos Folk-lore of Farther India*

The Traveling Cloud

How Rangasamy Got His Water
Here and There Stories

A Cobbler and the Map of the World
International Graded Sunday School Lessons. Junior Grade, Second Year, Part III.

In a Burmese Prison
International Graded Sunday School Lessons. Junior Grade, Second Year, Part IV.

FACTS ABOUT INDIA FOR JUNIORS*

If you could take a map of India and pin it over a map of North America, its northern point would be in the latitude of Richmond, Virginia, and the southern point near Panama; the eastern boundary

*Based on Diffendorfer, *Child Life in Mission Lands.*

would be at Baltimore, and the western near Salt Lake City in Utah.

The great Ganges River, the most famous in the country, is considered sacred, and many of the people of India walk hundreds of miles to bathe in its waters, thinking that their sins will by this act be forgiven, and that they will be greatly blessed.

What kind of climate has India? (Draw out the ideas of the Juniors and correct them if necessary.) Of course, you all know about the forests and jungles, the wonderful flowers, and the fierce wild animals and poisonous snakes which abound in some parts of the country.

While India is less than half as large as the United States, it contains more than three times as many people. If all the boys and girls in India should stand in line, shoulder to shoulder, the line would reach around the world, 25,000 miles long. Only one child in each mile would ever have been inside a Sunday-school.

Who can name the great pioneer missionary to India? (Get the story of William Carey from the Juniors who have studied the second year graded lessons. If they do not know it, briefly outline the story for them.

If your denomination is interested in Burma, get a pupil who has studied the life of Adoniram Judson in the second year graded lessons to tell something about him. If your department is not using these lessons, give a brief outline of Judson's life yourself.)

Schools in Siam

Siamese children, when very young, are little troubled by either clothes or schools. They spend their time riding on buffaloes, climbing trees, smoking cigarets, paddling canoes, eating, and sleeping. But at some time in life many boys go to school. There is no compulsion. If a boy does not want to go, he can stay away. Yet most boys, both in the remote country district and in the busy, crowded capital, have learned something. Perhaps the delights of climbing trees and smoking cigarets pall after a time, or perhaps the boy is ambitious, and wants to get on in the world. If so, he must at least learn to read, write, and "do sums." Whatever be the reason, it does happen that practically every Siamese boy goes to school. His attendance is not regular and not punctual, but in the course of a few years he manages to learn certain things that are of use to him.

Siamese schools are situated in the cool, shady grounds of the temple. They are generally plain sheds or outhouses. The teachers are usually the priests, but here and there a lay head master may be found. In such a case the master, like the boys, is not overburdened with clothes. A piece of cloth is draped about his legs, but the upper part of the body is generally bare. If he possesses a white linen coat, such as Europeans wear in a hot country, he takes it off when he enters the building and hangs it up, so that it shall not get dirty while he is teaching. He generally smokes the whole time, and when he is not smoking he is chewing betel-nut.

The children sit cross-legged on the ground, tailor-fashion. There are no chairs or desks, and if there were the children would sit cross-legged upon them just the same. All learn to read. Now the Siamese language is what is called a tonic language: that is, the meaning of any word depends on the tone with which it is pronounced. For instance, the word *ma* can be pronounced in three ways, and has, therefore, three meanings, namely: "come," "horse" and "dog." If, therefore, you called out to a friend, "Come here!" in the wrong tones, you

might insult him by saying, "Dog, here!" and so on. You might wish to say to a farmer, "Can I walk across your *field?*" If you were to pronounce the last word in the wrong tone, it might mean, "Can I walk across your *face?*" a request that might lead to trouble, especially if the farmer were a big man. Some of the syllables have as many as five tones, and the foreigner finds it exceedingly difficult to express his meaning correctly. As the correct meaning of a word depends on the particular accent with which it is uttered, all reading must be done aloud to be enjoyed. Each scholar in the school learns his own particular page or lesson independently of the others, and the many voices blend into one, rising and falling from time to time in a not unmusical hum, sometimes loud and full, when the master is vigilant and the scholars are energetic; often soft and feeble, when the master is dreaming on the floor or lounging in the sun, and his pupils are getting weary of their monotonous task.

Slates and pencils are used for writing, though the best pupils use lead-pencils. In a village school ink is never seen.

Arithmetic up to short division is taught in some schools, but in many others no arithmetic is taught, for the simple reason that the teacher does not know any. As for bills of parcels and recurring decimals, and all the other horrible things that men do with figures, they are unknown and undreamt of.

Sometimes a little grammar is learned if the master knows anything of the subject, and all who expect to be thought wise must learn pages of the sacred books by heart, and must be able to repeat them without hesitation or error. They do not understand a word of what they are saying, for the sacred books are written in a dead language that nobody speaks and few understand.

And that is all. There is no geography, history, or science. There are no workshops, laboratories, or drawing-classes.

There is no furniture of any description, no diagrams, blackboards, or desks. Sometimes a school of as many as forty pupils will have only empty Pear's soap or cocoa boxes for desks on which the children place their slate or book.

The school opens at nine. The boys arrive between ten and eleven, and the head master puts in his appearance when he has finished his breakfast. The only part of the unwritten time-table that is punctually kept is the time for closing.

In the capital there are now a number of schools that are quite well organized and taught, and even in some of the villages things are slowly improving.

By permission from Peeps at Siam, by Ernest Young. The Macmillan Company.

AN ODD SHEEP*

A Story from Ceylon

BY ANITA B. FERRIS

"Whoa!" called Marjorie, as she pulled Nadabo off the path by her horse reins. The little brown Singhalese boy, Nadabo, was a prancing fiery steed just at that precise moment.

Old Doctor Cyrus Burton smilingly lifted his hat. "Good afternoon, young lady," he greeted,—"and Mr. Horse. What young lady is this, may I ask?"

"I am Marjorie Farrell," replied Marjorie with dignity.

"No, not *really!*" said the stranger gentleman, with a teasing smile. "Not *really* related to the Rev. Wilfred Farrell with whom I am acquainted?"

"I'm—I'm his little girl," replied Marjorie, puzzled.

**Everyland*, June, 1914.

The stranger tilted back her chin. "Why, it can't *be*," he replied, "not with eyes like that! They are as brown as any native's—as brown as your horse's, and Mr. Farrell's are as blue as the sky. You must have made a mistake." And with a chuckle and a wave of the hand the stranger entered the house.

The steed pawed the ground impatiently and whinnied.

Marjorie dropped the reins. "I guess —I don't want to play horse any more, Nadabo. You can go 'round to the kitchen and ask the cook for some cakes if you want to."

"Aren't you coming too?" asked Nadabo in surprise.

"No, I guess not," replied Marjorie slowly, "you can go on."

Nothing loath, Nadabo pranced off around the corner of the house.

Slowly Marjorie walked with unseeing eyes through the many-colored Ceylon flowers of the garden toward the "cubby-hole" under the rose-bushes.

"So it was really true," she said to herself, "and this stranger knew it!" Mechanically she drove away some green and brown lizards which were sunning themselves in the corner near the roses and crawled into the cubby-hole.

She drew up her knees and dropped her head wearily on them, "It must be years and *years*," she said aloud, "that I've known I didn't belong. Every one calls me 'an odd sheep.' I don't look like father and I'm not a Bartlett. Cousin Marie said so." Again she heard Cousin Marie say to her mother:

"Belle, you really *ought* to have that child's hair cut off. It will turn dark anyway and she is too delicate to have such long curls. What an odd sheep she is! She doesn't look like Wilfred and she certainly isn't a Bartlett."

Worst of all, for some mysterious reason, they would not let her go into mother's room to-day. "Perhaps she doesn't love me any more," she sighed, "since I'm not really her little girl."

"But if I don't belong to mother and father, who do I belong to?" she whispered. And then she suddenly straightened up—the stranger had said she must have made a mistake about being father's little girl because her eyes were as brown as Nadabo's. "Perhaps," she whispered, "I—am—a—native!"

A curl swung over her shoulder, and the Roman gold glistened in the sun. She picked it up and looked at it anxiously. "I never saw a native with hair like mine, but perhaps—perhaps that is why every one says it will turn dark like my eyes—because I really, really am a native." She shuddered a little. "I wonder if I shall feel it when my hair turns," she thought.

Just then she heard Nadabo calling her in a kind of sing-song: "Missi Sahib, Missi Sahib! I'm going home, I'm going home!"

Nadabo was wiping the crumbs from his mouth with the back of his hand. "I've got to go now," he explained, and glancing sideways at the sun, "My father will soon be home from the fields. I'll play horse with you again to-morrow."

Marjorie picked up the reins where they lay near the walk. Through the half-open gate she caught a glimpse of the shady, palm-bordered road beyond. Nadabo was going home to his father and mother. If she were a native she belonged in the village too.

"I'll drive you home," she said suddenly.

"Oh, but it is forbidden," cried Nadabo in awe. "The Missi Sahib, your mother, does not allow!"

But with a quick desperate resolve, Marjorie passed through the gate.

"I'm going down to visit your village," she replied with firmness.

Nadabo stared for a moment and then bowed his head to the bridle.

Just outside the village, a dozen little brown boys and girls burst through the bushes and surrounded them. "Hello, Nadabo," they called. "Come play scaring the birds with us!" Then, seeing the Missi Sahib, they grinned, showed their white teeth, and looked down at the ground.

"She has come to visit our village," explained Nadabo. "Will you play, Missi?"

Marjorie nodded her head. She was looking at the little brown bodies and thinking it would be fun not to wear many clothes, and no doubt her body would soon be tanned as brown as theirs. "Perhaps," she thought, with relief, "when a person's hair turns dark, your body just gets tanned too."

"I'll be the watchman in the field," shouted Nadabo, "and all the rest of you can be the birds!"

Off the children scampered for the edge of the bushes but they pushed shyly away from Marjorie. Then in the wild flapping of their wings, the rushes for the imaginary field sowed with grain, and the mad races back again to avoid being caught by the watchman, they forgot her, and all shouted and played merrily together.

"I'm glad I'm a native," thought Marjorie, as with the hand of a little brown girl clasped tightly in her own, she rushed shrieking to the safety of the bushes.

Out they all rushed from the bushes again, flapping their arms and cawing. Nadabo ran to meet them but they were too quick for him. As they were all making in triumph for the cover, a last time, suddenly a sturdy boy pointed his finger at Marjorie:

"Look at the white crow!" he called. "She's a white crow. She doesn't belong to the flock! Chase her away, chase her away!"

It was a new game. The others caught up the cry and stretching their arms toward her, called "She's a white crow,—a white crow! Shoo, shoo!"

Marjorie's sensitive little face fell. "I do belong!" she cried. "I'm a native."

But her thin voice was drowned in the shouts. "Shoo, shoo!" they called, waving their arms at her.

Marjorie stepped out into the imaginary field. "I guess I don't want to play this game any more, Nadabo," she said in a shaking voice, but with an imitation of her father's dignity.

"All right," replied Nadabo, "I must go home anyway."

Marjorie felt somehow very lonesome as she and Nadabo walked along the road. Didn't the children know she was a native, she wondered. Perhaps it was because she dressed differently that they did not recognize her. They had been just a little unkind, she thought.

But they had reached Nadabo's hut. No one was at home. Nadabo stepped inside. "Oh, Missi Sahib," he called, "see what I have found!" He came running out of the hut with something wrapped in a green leaf in his hand.

"Betel," commented Marjorie briefly, as she looked at it.

"Yes, mother's," replied Nadabo, as he partly unwrapped the green betel leaf, showing the white lime and spices within. "I'm going to take a chew," and his eyes snapped with pleasure. He tore off a generous wad of the leaf with its contents, and stowed it inside his cheek.

The boy chewed blissfully for a moment, the blood red juice staining his lips. Then he spat on the ground with pride—"It's the first time I ever chewed," he said.

Marjorie watched him curiously. Suddenly she remembered what the Bishop

had said to her father about betel. "I've never seen a white person who could chew betel," he had remarked; "nor a native who did not love it," and father had agreed. Now she would know once for all whether she was a native. Her little hand trembled with eagerness as she held it out.

"Oh, Nadabo, please give me some, please! I want to chew too."

Nadabo looked at her doubtfully and then tore off a piece and gave it to her. She put the wad carefully inside her cheek and began to chew. She choked and then suddenly it was all out on the ground and she felt very sick.

"I thought you couldn't chew," said Nadabo, triumphantly. "White people never chew betel."

Marjorie made no answer. "I am not a native," she was saying to herself, as she leaned against the coconut palm. "I am *not* a native, and I am not a Bartlett and I don't look like father." There was just a stillness in her thoughts after that, Nadabo was saying something, but she did not understand what. She was looking off down the winding road which led to Colombo. "I'm an odd sheep—just an odd sheep. I can't go home. Is there any one in the world for an odd sheep to belong to?" Then from somewhere the memory came rushing—"There are other people on this island different, the abo-something"—the word was gone. "Father said they didn't belong to the Singhalese—they didn't belong to anybody, they were the first people in Ceylon." They must be her people. She felt a little sick when she thought of it. She wasn't a bit joyful, the way she had been when she thought she was a native.

"Let's see, where did those people live? Oh, yes," now she remembered—"in the hill country in the forest." Marjorie shuddered, but she was really a brave little girl. "I've *got* to find them," she said to herself, setting her teeth. "I've just got to, if I belong to them." It was awful, though, to have to find her people—all alone. With a little sigh she straightened her thin shoulders. "Good-by, Nadabo," she said, "I must go now."

"All right," mumbled Nadabo as he chewed. "I'll play horse with you to-morrow. . . . But Missi Sahib," he called, "you're going in the wrong direction!"

"Oh, no," answered Marjorie easily. "I'm just going down this road a little."

"But you may get lost," replied Nadabo doubtfully.

"No, I won't," came Marjorie's voice rather faintly.

The village was soon out of sight around the bend. Marjorie walked more and more slowly. The trees and the tangle of vines were quite thick on either side. There were bears in the hill country—dreadful bears. She had heard her nurse talk about them, and Rodanya's face was all scarred where one had clawed him. She looked at the sun. It was sinking fast, and then the quick dusk would come. She gripped her dress in front: "Oh, daddy, daddy," she said under her breath. "Oh, if I only belonged! If you only were my daddy." A choking sob rose. "I—I—don't want to be a—an abo-something! I—I—don't know them!"

A queer thin sound came from the distance. A hard lump rose in Marjorie's throat, and her eyes strained wide with fright. Again came the strange sound. "It's a devil-bird, I know it is," she choked in a dry whisper. "It must be, and if I hear it I'll die in a year. The natives all say so. Nobody ever lives who has once heard a devil-bird. And it's getting dark, just the time he calls, Oh! I won't hear it! I won't!" And pressing both little hands tight over her

ears Marjorie stumbled on along the road sobbing with fright.

The sound grew louder and now it was accompanied with a steady thump, thump on the hard road. With a little stifled cry Marjorie fell among the bushes.

"Whoa!" called a pleasant voice. "Well, well."

Marjorie lifted her white face. It was the stranger of the afternoon.

"Well, well!" he repeated as he lifted the little girl to her feet. "Here is the same young lady I met this afternoon;—Miss Farrell, I believe?"

Marjorie could not speak.

"But what are you doing so far from home?"

Marjorie clung to his hand trembling. "I—I," she panted, and then stopped. What should she say? He would *never* understand.

"Got lost, did you?" he asked kindly. "Well, get in with me and I will take you to my home. It is nearer than yours and maybe they will let you stay over night with us. How would you like to be my little girl?"

Marjorie swallowed two or three times and opened her mouth; no words would come. Fortunately this stranger did not seem to expect her to reply. He looked around at her over the top of his glasses. "I'll tell you a secret," he said. "There is a surprise at home for you."

"A surprise?" Marjorie asked faintly. The dear home rose before her eyes—mother with her supper on a tray; father ready to tell her a story.—"Oh, I want to see it again! I want to see it again!" she choked.

"Why, why!" soothed the stranger in astonishment. "Of course you will see it, if that is what you mean. I tell you it's a great surprise!"

"Is it, is it a pony?" asked Marjorie, trying to keep back the sobs. Marjorie had always wanted a pony ever since she could remember. "Not that it matters now," she told herself.

"Ho!" jolted out the stranger, with a shake of his whole body, "it will be a lot more fun than a pony. But here we are at the house. Now I'll call up your people on the telephone right away, and tell them you're here."

Marjorie heard him ring the little bell at the side of the telephone box,—"What's that?" he was saying. "You can't wait until to-morrow? Can't do without her even now?" he chuckled. "All right. She's here. Good-by."

"Your father is coming right over for you. Says he can't do without you till to-morrow morning," the stranger explained as he bustled out of the room.

Marjorie got up and walked out on the porch, straining her eyes down the white, palm-bordered road, now indistinct in the dusk. "He wants me, he wants me," she whispered, her heart beating hard. "He wants me, and I don't care if I don't belong! I want to go home, I want to go home!" The sobs began to come again.

Off in the distance she heard the pound of the horse's hoofs. "He's coming," she cried. "He's coming—daddy's coming!" and half falling down the steps in her eagerness, she ran down the long road, her curls flying behind her.

The big horse was almost upon her—

"Daddy, daddy," she sobbed, stretching up her arms. Her father leaned far down from the saddle and caught her up. The doctor called from the porch. "It's all right, Doctor," shouted father.

Marjorie clasped her father's neck with all her strength. "Oh, daddy, daddy!" she sobbed, "I'm so glad you came!"

"There, there, sweetheart," soothed father, holding her close, "but how did you get so far from home?"

Father was the kind to understand,

and Marjorie poured out the whole story of her misery.

"Why, girlie," laughed father with a queer shake in his voice, "you belong to *me* and not to the aborigines or to anybody else. You *always* just belonged to mother and me."

"But, I'm not a Bartlett, father, and I don't look like you," said Marjorie, the sobs dying down in the comfort of father's neck.

"No-o," replied father cheerfully, "but I dare say you look like somebody in the family a way back, and you look like a person whose acquaintance I have just made. Here we are home, girlie. Now for the surprise!" And father caught her up and carried her pig-a-back to the study.

"Nazim," he called, and as the native servant came, father whispered something which Marjorie did not catch.

"Oh, daddy—daddy!" she coaxed, as she danced around him in glee, "is the surprise a pony—a little pony?"

"We'll see," smiled father. "Here's nurse with a tray. Shall we have supper together?"

Suddenly Marjorie stopped short with a big slice of bread and butter in her hand. A strange person in white cap and apron was bringing a bundle into the room. She laid it in father's arms, smiled at Marjorie, and went out.

"What do you think of this?" asked father.

"Why, it's—it's a baby," said Marjorie breathlessly.

"It's your own little brother," replied father. "He just came this afternoon, and he looks as much like you did when you were a baby as two peas in a pod look like one another."

Marjorie gazed at the tiny face with awe. "Was I ever as little as that?" she asked.

"If anything," chuckled father, "you were a shade littler; for he's a big, husky boy."

Marjorie looked doubtfully at the baby "Are his eyes brown?" she whispered.

"I've seen 'em once," replied father, "and they are decidedly brown."

Marjorie bent over the little bald head. A faint yellow fuzz could just be seen. "Will his hair—turn dark?" she asked.

"Shouldn't wonder at all," smiled father. "Yours was about that color when you were his age, and you see it has already turned darker," and father pulled one of Marjorie's curls over on the baby's forehead.

Marjorie breathed a sign of relief. "I didn't feel it turn," she said. Then she put one arm up around father's neck, while she hugged the baby close with the other. "Oh, daddy, daddy," she whispered, "isn't it *lovely* not to be the only odd sheep any more!"

THE LITTLE BROWN GIRL AND I

Away on the other side of the world
  Lives a little brown girl, I know,
Away off there in a distant land
  Where they never have frost or snow;
I have a home that is bright and glad,
  She wanders where shadows lie,
Yet the same dear Father has made us both—
  The little brown girl and I.

The little brown girl has never heard
  Of a love that is over all,
Of a Father who cares with an equal care
  For all who will heed his call;
Perhaps she is waiting for *me* to send
  The news of a God on high,
That together we two may lift our prayers—
  The little brown girl and I.

—*Jessie Brown Pounds.*

By permission, King's Builders.

Japan

GENERAL INFORMATION

For latest facts of all missionary work, see *The Japan Mission Year Book.*

Also consult your denominational headquarters for pictures, curios, maps, and other material. See list of correspondents at end of this book.

The Missionary Education Movement, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City, can furnish slides, pictures, costumes, and music.

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Missionary Object Lessons for Children—Japan. Missionary Education Movement. Complete set 1.50

This contains a Japanese garden drawn in native perspective by a Japanese artist, with the ground plan and model of a house, boy doll, girl doll, and many objects used in a Japanese home. The lessons for children have been prepared by Margaret M. Cook, kindergartner in the Hiroshima Girls' School. Her stories are of charming literary quality. They are suitable for the older Primary and younger Junior grades.

Native Melodies—Japanese. Missionary Education Movement................... .10
(Sakæ) Shioya: When I Was a Boy in Japan. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.......... .75
Wade: Our Little Japanese Cousin. L. C. Page & Co........................ .50

COSTUMES

JAPANESE

Make the kimonos for children under ten years old of bright, flowered material. Those over ten should have gray, brown, or any dark-colored cloth. The general shape may be taken from a large kimono. The girls have the long flowing sleeves and wide sash or obi which goes around the waist and is tied behind. The boys have tight sleeves and no sash, but a narrow band of the same material fastens in front.

Girls over fifteen should wear the modern schoolgirl's dress of Japan. It consists of the kimono, which must be of some dark material, and a full plaited skirt, red in

color. The skirt has openings on the two sides, and is fastened on over the kimono by tapes made of the same material, two tying in front and two at the back.

The straw sandals may be bought at a Japanese store. The tabi is a stocking, usually made of white cotton cloth, with a separate place for the great toe. See model in Japanese Object Lessons. In order properly to wear Japanese sandals stockings of this kind should be used.

Those who prefer to rent Japanese costumes may secure them from the Missionary Education Movement, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City. An entertainment or any kind of a meeting which includes costumed participants is always interesting. Send to the Missionary Education Movement for catalog of costumes and suggestions for their use.

LITTLE VISITORS FROM JAPAN

BY ANITA B. FERRIS

An exercise for four small girls in Japanese costume. See directions for costumes. Children with Dutch-cut hair should be selected if possible.

The number taking part in the exercises may be increased to eight, and the children arranged so that every other one recites.

A gay little march is played as the children come on the platform, leaning forward and shuffling along on their toes, which are slightly turned in. They carry their fans open against the breast.

After circling the platform once, they stop in a line facing the audience. The music ceases.

ALL THE CHILDREN:

We're *(Bowing.)* some funny little *(All take one step forward.)* sunny little *(Another step forward.)* Jap-anese! *(They bow again during the last word, this time extending arms, the fan in the right hand.)*
From a land 'way over the seas.

FIRST GIRL: *(Extending arms. Others copy exactly.)*

See our gay kimono dress;
That it's pretty you'll confess!

SECOND GIRL: *(Putting out foot and pointing to it; others follow suit.)*

The tabi on our feet we wear—
Little socks of softness rare.
Still as any little mouse
We can creep about the house!

(At "still" the second little girl leaves her place and, while she recites the lines in a hushed voice, circles the two litttle girls on her left, returning to her place with the last word. If there are more than four children in the line, she will have to move more quickly.)

THIRD GIRL: *(Turning her back to audience and pointing to bow; the others following her example.)*

On our backs the obi bow,
Which our mothers tie just so.

FOURTH GIRL: *(Extending right arm at full length with fan outspread in hand. Turn fan first to right, and back and forth with the accent of the lines. Others follow example exactly.)*

This is the way we use the fan,
In our far-away Japan.

ALL THE CHILDREN: *(Acting as in the first instance, only this time the steps are taken backward.)*

We're some funny little, sunny little Japanese,
From a land 'way over the seas.
Now we'll say good-by to you
Just the way the Japanese do.

(They all kneel on the stage and sit back on their heels; place hands together, palm to palm, and bow over, spreading out their hands on floor, the elbows pointing outward, and touch foreheads to backs of hands. They draw back to sitting position and repeat the bow three times in unison.

The march begins again, and in leaving the stage, the children circle it as on entrance.)

STORIES TO TELL

Lesson 38. The Children of Cherry Blossom Land

Lesson 39. A Story About a Boy of Japan

From Primary Graded Lessons, Second Year.

Getting Ready for the New Year

The Doll Festival

The Boys' Festival

The Weaver and the Herd Boy

The Emperor's Birthday

The Last Festival of the Year

From Manual for Teachers accompanying Missionary Object Lessons for Children—Japan.

Matsu, the Japanese Girl

From *Little Folks of Many Lands.*

Monotara, or the Peach Boy

From *Fairy Tales from Far Japan.*

A Farthing's Worth of Fun

Peeps at Many Lands—Japan, Chapter XII.

The Coming of the Missionaries

All About Japan, Chapter IX.

O AI SAN'S CHRISTMAS

BY EMMA E. DICKINSON

"O Ai San! O Ai San!" The little girl looked up to see what her father wanted, but she saw nothing except the smiling face of her father and the smiling face of a lady in foreign dress who was looking back from the crowd of passengers toiling over the high bridge that hung above the railroad track. O Ai San carried on her arm a beautiful bag made of red and blue and purple and green thread. She had been to see her soldier brother in the hospital, and he had given her the beautiful bag made by his own fingers with a crochet hook in the long hours of pain and loneliness. It wasn't so exciting to make bags for dear little sisters as it was to fight at Port Arthur, but it was less dangerous, and the soldier brother had been happy in making the bag. O Ai San was happy in receiving it, too. She thought she had never seen anything so beautiful as the way the bright red and the royal purple came together on the front. What an exciting day! And now more excitement, for the foreign lady had dropped something right into the new bag as she passed up the steps of the bridge. O Ai San could not see what it was, but it looked like a lovely little picture, and she hastened to put her little hands in proper position and to make a delightful bow to the departing foreign lady.

What was it in O Ai San's bag? Why, just the cunningest little package of cards you ever saw, with a tiny but altogether lovely picture of an old-time soldier on the outside! O Ai San thought she had never seen anything so beautiful in her life, and when she got home and found that there were thirty-six cards inside the package, and that, put together in the right way, they made a big, big picture exactly like the tiny one, she was almost too happy to hold her chop-sticks and eat her rice!

Always and always O Ai San kept the precious package of cards in the red and purple bag, and only on rare occasions did she venture to bring it out to show

to her friends. It was her very dearest plaything.

It was Christmas day, and the children of O Ai San's Sunday-school were in a state of wild happiness. They were to have exercises, and O Ai San was to recite a piece. She took her precious bag on her arm, and, seeing that it was so great an occasion, she did not take the precious package of cards out of it. She *might* want to show it to somebody!

Everything passed off beautifully. And now came the most enjoyable part of the whole Christmas,—the giving of the gifts. The children who had been most faithful in attendance and the best in behavior were to have first-class presents; the next best children were to have second-class presents; and the children with the poorest marks were to have the third-class presents. O Ai San had one of the first-class presents—a fine hair ornament in the shape of a bright red plum blossom and two green leaves. Just as she was admiring her gift, the children began to march out, and Christmas was over!

No, not over, for at the door was a group of miserable-looking children. They stood gazing with longing eyes at the crowd that came out of the church doors. They hadn't even third-class presents—no share at all in these good times. There was one girl, especially, with a baby sister on her back, her poor empty hands held down in front of her, her untidy hair streaming down in front of her face, for whom O Ai San was sorry. O Ai San wished she had something to give her; some old toy at home would have done nicely. Nothing? Had she nothing? She looked in her bag; there was only the precious package of cards. A little shiver seemed to creep along over the surface of what O Ai San called her heart. The poor girl looked for an instant at the beautiful kimono with its handsome chrysanthemum pattern, that O Ai San wore, then, hitching the heavy baby a little higher on her back, turned away.

"You! You!" called out a voice after the poor girl, and there was O Ai San running after her and holding out a lovely little package with a soldier on the front. "I give it to you," said O Ai San.

"I take it," said the girl, returning O Ai San's bow, and there was a little pain, but a great joy in spite of it, at the heart of O Ai San.

That very night after O Ai San had parted with the little package of cards, her mother brought a big box to her little girl, saying, "Just see what the foreign lady in the house next to the church has sent you!"—and there was a perfectly lovely dolly all dressed in foreign clothes, with a real jacket, and a real hat on her head!

The poor girl often came to the door of the church where she had received such a beautiful gift, and finally became a member of the Sunday-school. And then O Ai San was very glad she had given her the gift.

By permission, Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, Methodist Episcopal Church.

A LITTLE JAPANESE NURSE-GIRL'S STORY

When I was a little girl, I used to see the big girls and the mothers near by carrying babies on their backs, and I thought it would be nice to do it, too; so I carried my doll to my mother one day and she tied it on my back for me, and I went out in the garden and jounced it up and down, singing a lullaby:

Bye-low, baby, if you'll go to sleep,
I'll take you back to mother to keep.
But if you won't, then a great big frog
Will come and swallow you up kerchog!

I should think that would scare a doll to sleep, wouldn't you? It worked very

well, even when the doll got too small and I had a cushion rolled up in the shape of a baby and put that on my back instead. And after I got used to that, I had my own real baby brother to tend. He was such a big, fat baby that he was pretty heavy, and besides, he was always wanting something more to eat. So one of the girls taught me this song to sing about him:

"Little nurse-girl, tell me true,
What makes the baby cry so?"
"He wants another breakfast, sir,
The first one was so nice, O!"

Sometimes people say that babies in Japan don't cry, but you see that isn't always true. And sometimes I would get so very tired taking care of him. In the summer he would be tied on my back just with strings, but in the winter my mother would put a cloak right over both of us after she had tied him on, and then tie another string around the cloak. That kept us nice and warm while we played outdoors. I'm so used to it now that I can play hop-scotch or blind man's buff just the same, if the baby is on my back.

Yesterday I saw a mother on the street with her baby, not on her back, but in a baby carriage. And O Hana San, who was with me, said that is a better way to take babies around, because carrying them on your back makes them bow-legged. I don't know whether that's true, but I shouldn't wonder; and anyway, it's much easier with a carriage when the baby's as big as my little brother is!

But if I were pushing a carriage I couldn't do my knitting so well, and it is such fun to knit! Don't you think so? I've made him a cap and a bib, and now I'm knitting a shawl. I'd like to show it to you. But listen! There's the baby crying now. He's just waked from his nap and I must go. *Sayonara!*

By permission.

NEESIMA: THE AMBITIOUS JAPANESE*

It was midnight in the city of Hakodate, Japan. Two men were walking noiselessly down a side street toward the harbor. One of the men was dressed as a Samurai and wore two swords. The other was dressed as a servant and followed at a short distance behind with a bundle on his back.

When they reached the wharf, the servant sprang forward to untie a rowboat fastened there. At that moment footsteps were heard in the distance. Instantly the servant dropped into the little boat full length among the bundles in the bottom. He was none too soon. "Who is here?" called a watchman on the wharf. "It is I," calmly replied the man. "I have business with the American vessel yonder which cannot wait until morning." "All is well," replied the watchman as he passed on, for well he knew the man to be a trusted clerk of an English merchant in the city.

Noiselessly the little boat pushed away from the shore. Thousands of lights gleamed in the city, for the people were celebrating a festival to one of their gods. The men kept their eyes on the starboard light of a vessel riding far out in the bay. As they neared its side, they could outline its flag—the Stars and Stripes, floating in the breeze. The captain was watching for them and soon the two men with the bundles from the little boat were on board the ship *Berlin,* which was to sail the next morning for Shanghi, China. But both men were not to sail. The Samurai exchanged a few words with the captain in English and then he turned and clasped the hand of his servant who was in truth his friend, for these two men were dressed in disguise. The servant was young Neesima, who had come

*Brown, "Old Country Hero Stories," Missionary Education Movement.

to the port city of Hakodate a few months before in the hope of learning English.

In the ancient city of Yeddo the Neesima family belonged to the household of a prince, and young Neesima himself had been employed both as a scribe and a teacher in the palace of the prince. But one day a friend gave him a history of the United States in his own language. Neesima learned for the first time in his life of a country where the people themselves chose a president to govern them; where there were public schools and great machines to do work instead of the people.

He was eager to learn more of this wonderful country. He said to himself: "I must learn English, then I can read American books and get American knowledge." But he searched in vain for some one to teach him English.

Shortly after this he found a book in the library of a friend which was more wonderful to him than the history of the United States. He read this new book in the dead of the night, for in those days, if the government knew that he read the book, he and all his family would have been killed. Neesima opened the book; the first words which he read were these: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." He laid the book down and looked around. "Who made me? My parents? No! God. Who made this table? A carpenter? No! God. God let trees grow upon the earth, and although the carpenter indeed made the table, it came from the trees. Then I must be thankful to God. I must believe him and I must be upright against him." He learned that the book was a portion of the Bible. It was then that he determined to go to Hakodate to find a teacher from whom he could learn to read the English Bible. But when he asked permission from his father to go, he got a thrashing for an answer. His parents and the prince were alarmed at his strange desire for foreign knowledge.

One day an unexpected thing happened. An officer higher in authority than the prince requested that Neesima should be sent on his boat to Hakodate. The boy was delighted. At last he could learn English. But when he reached Hakodate, he was again disappointed. There was no one in that city who could teach him English. But he found instead of a teacher, a friend, a young man like himself who was eager to learn and had the advantage that he could speak a little English. "You must go to America," said Munokito, his new friend, "to study English." "But how can I go?" said Neesima, much troubled, "for the government has a penalty of death for any person found trying to leave his native land." "We shall see, we shall see," said Munokito.

One day, soon after this, an American vessel came in the harbor. "This is your chance," said Munokito that evening. "I asked the captain to-day if he would take you on his ship and he said he would, and that he would let you work to pay your passage." "How can I reach the ship and not be caught?" eagerly asked Neesima. "I will get you there safely," was the reply. "You come to the store at twelve o'clock to-night, dressed as a servant, and we will get away unseen." And so it came about that the two men dressed as master and servant were now saying their last good-by on board the brig *Berlin*.

Neesima watched his friend enter the little boat and row away, this time alone, toward the shore. The captain, motioning Neesima to follow, showed him a store room where he should hide until the ship was safely out of the harbor. The captain locked the door.

Early the next morning, Neesima was awakened by footsteps overhead and the

sound of voices in the cabin. They were the custom officers searching the ship to make sure that there were no runaway Japanese on board. The boy trembled. Suppose they should find him! He could not help thinking of his parents and what a disgrace it would be to them if he should be found and taken back to die. Then he thought of the letter he had written them and he wondered how they would feel when they read it. He almost wished for their sakes that he had not left home, but it was too late to change his mind now.

Presently the talking ceased, and the ship began to move. It seemed to the boy all alone that he remembered everything he had ever done in his life, and then he began to wonder where he was going. Maybe after all in America they would not want boys like himself, or, worse than that, perhaps when he reached there he could not earn his way to go to school. Maybe he would fail in his great aim! At last he said: "If I fail, it may be no loss to my country, but if I go back some day from unknown lands, I may render some service to my country."

About noon the captain unlocked the door and called him on deck. There he saw fading in the distance the beautiful blue mountains of his homeland. Little did he know that it would be nearly ten years before he would see his native land again.

His journey to America was long and full of hardship. At Shanghai, China, Captain Savory of the *Berlin* secured Neesima's transfer to the *Wild Rover,* a ship going to Boston. After he reached Boston, the tide turned in his favor. The owner of the vessel, the Honorable Alpheus Hardy, learned of the boy and took him to his own home as a member of his family. He sent him to an academy, then to college, and later to a seminary to become a minister. At last, Neesima returned to Japan. He was welcomed by his family and his nation, and became one of Japan's most honored leaders and the founder of her greatest Christian university, the Doshisha. Neesima reached his great aim.

KITE-FLYING IN JAPAN*

If there was a proud boy in all Japan that afternoon it was Taro. He was about to fly his first big fighting kite. It was made of tough, strong paper, stretched on a bamboo frame five feet square, a kite taller than his own father. The day before Taro had pounded a piece of glass up fine and mixed it with glue. The mixture had been rubbed on the string of his kite about thirty feet near the kite end and left to dry. Now, if he could only get this string to cut sharply across the string of another kite, the latter cord would be severed, and he could proudly claim the vanquished kite as his own.

Kites of every color and shape hovered in the air above the wide open space. There were square kites of red, yellow, green, blue,—every color of the rainbow; and many were decorated with gaily-painted figures of gods, heroes, warriors, and dragons. There were kites in the shape of fish, hawks, eagles, and butterflies. Some had hummers, made of whalebone, which hummed musically in the wind as they rose; and as for fighting kites, they were abroad in squads and battalions. In one place the fight was between single kites; in another a score of men with blue kites met a score with red kites and the kites fluttered, darted, swooped, dived this way, that way, and every way, as they were skilfully moved by the strings pulled from below. Now and again one of them was seen to fall helplessly away and drift down the

*From *Peeps at Japan,* by John Finnemore.

wind; its string had been cut by some victorious rival, and it had been put out of the battle.

Taro had his kite high up in the air very soon. It flew splendidly, and for some time he was very busy in trying it and learning its ways, for every kite has its own tricks of moving in the air. Then suddenly he saw a great brown eagle sailing toward it. He looked up and saw that a boy named Kanaya was directing the eagle toward his own, and that it was a challenge to a fight. Taro accepted at once, and the combat was joined.

Kanaya brought his eagle swiftly over Taro's big square kite, brightly painted in bars of many colors, but Taro let out string and escaped. Then he swung his kite up into the wind and made it swoop on the eagle. But Kanaya was already winding his string swiftly in and had raised his kite out of reach of the swoop. And so they went on for more than an hour, pursuing, escaping, feinting, dodging, until at last the eagle caught a favorable slant of wind and darted down so swiftly that Taro could not escape. The strings crossed, and the upper began to chafe the lower savagely.

Taro tried to work his kite away, but in vain. The eagle string was strong and sharp. At the next moment Taro felt a horrid slackness of his string. No more could he feel the strong, splendid pull of his big kite. There it was, going, falling headlong to the ground. Kanaya had won. Nothing now remained to Taro but to take his beating like a Japanese and a gentleman. With a cheerful smile he made three low bows to his conqueror. Kanaya, with the utmost gravity, returned the bows before he ran away to secure the kite he had won.

Now, there had been a very interested and attentive observer of this battle in Ito, Taro's younger brother. Ito never said a word or moved a muscle of his little brown face when he saw his brother defeated and the big kite seized in triumph by Kanaya. But his black eyes gleamed a little more brightly in their narrow slits as he let out more string and waited for Kanaya to begin to fly again.

Ito had succeeded to the possession of Taro's old kite. It was less than two feet square, but it flew well, and Ito had also fixed or treated his string with the mixture of pounded glass and glue, and was ready for combat. Within ten minutes Kanaya was flying once more, and now he had Taro's kite high in the air. He had put away his own big brown eagle, and was flying the kite he had just won. He had scarcely got it well up when a smaller square kite came darting down upon it from a great height. Ito had entered the lists, and a fresh battle began.

It was even longer and more stubborn than the first, for Ito's kite, being much smaller, had much less power in the air; but Ito made up for this by showing the greatest skill in the handling of his kite, and quite a crowd gathered to see the struggle, watching every moment in perfect silence and with the deepest gravity. Suddenly Ito pounced. He caught a favorable gust of wind, and swung his line across Kanaya's with the greatest dexterity. Saw-saw went the line, and at the next moment the great kite went tumbling down the wind, and Kanaya and Ito exchanged the regulation bows. Then the latter looked at his brother without a word, and Taro ran to seize his beloved kite again.

"It is yours now, Ito," said the elder brother, when he came back.

"Oh no," said Ito; "we will each keep our own. I am glad I got it back from Kanaya."

By permission, The Macmillan Co.

CHIYO'S CHRISTMAS

A Little Story of Japan

BY CLÁRA W. CHIGI

Little Chiyo opened her narrow black eyes on Christmas morning and looked about her. She did not find any stocking awaiting her busy little fingers, but then she didn't expect to see one! Indeed, I am sure she would have been frightened if she had seen one hanging by her bed. For you must remember they do not wear stockings in Japan—no, nor even shoes nor slippers!

Chiyo lay still thinking a few moments, and then she exclaimed, "Oya, Wasuremashita!" by which she meant to say, "O, I forgot!" In spite of its being such a long word it did not take her any longer to say than it would take you to say "Jack Robinson."

Chiyo jumped up and began to hurry into her clothes, which did not take very long, as she had no buttons, nor strings, nor hooks to fasten. All she had to do was to slip into two or three long robes, which she fastened round the waist by a wide girdle. Chiyo was only eight years old, yet she could tie the big bow of her sash almost as nicely as her sister Sada, who was a great deal older. Then she put on her stockings—no, that could not be, for I said just now they did not wear stockings in Japan. Well, they were something meant for stockings, only they reached to the ankle and were divided like a mitten, with a place for the big toe all by itself.

Chiyo put on her tabi (that's the Japanese name for stocking) and went to wash her face; then she was ready for breakfast—no, she wasn't quite, either, for little Chiyo kneeled down on the mats and, folding her plump brown hands, said a little prayer; for Chiyo, unlike most of her little playmates, had come to know and to love the good Lord Jesus, or "Iyesu Sama," as she called him.

I suppose you think she forgot to comb her hair. O, no! that was done the day before, and so quietly had she lain on her hard round pillow that hardly a hair of those black, well-oiled locks was disarranged. Chiyo went to the family sitting-room, where she bowed very low to her mother, who was sitting on the floor in front of a little firebox smoking a little pipe. The rosy-cheeked maid then brought her a little tray upon which was a very appetizing bowl of rice and a little dried fish, with a tiny saucer of pickled turnip leaves beside it. With the aid of her slender ivory chop-sticks Chiyo soon caused these delicacies to disappear, and after about a thimbleful of tea she ran away to be dressed in her finery.

"To-day is Christmas, mama," she said, of course in Japanese, which sounded like this: "Oka Sama, kiyo wa matsuribi des yo."

Her mother said, "And so it is," and added that if Chiyo intended to go to the Christmas tree at the mission she had better be getting ready. The tree was to be in the afternoon, quite early, and so Chiyo had to hurry to get ready. First she had to take a hot bath, so hot that she looked like a boiled lobster when she came out about an hour afterward. Then she was nicely powdered on her face and neck and her lips gilded. Then she slipped into her best robes and sash, which were very beautiful. Toyo, the good-natured maid, tied the sash, which was a lovely sky-blue brocade studded with golden flowers, into such a big, stiff, stylish bow that it came up nearly to her shoulders. Two or three silver and gold ornaments were placed in her butterfly topknot, and she was ready to go. At the door she slipped on a pair of shining black clogs, and, followed by Toyo, clattered away out of the gate into the busy

streets. It was not far to the mission school, where some ladies with wonderful brown and yellow hair and blue eyes were ready to welcome their little friend. "Merry Christmas, O Chiyo San," said one, and Chiyo dropped on her knees in the hall and made a very low bow—indeed, so low that her biggest hairpin touched the floor. Chiyo soon joined some little friends, who took her into the parlor, where they looked at the pretty pictures on the walls and the photographs in the album, and sat in chairs wondering how little girls in America could manage to sit on chairs instead of on the floor.

By and by the children were called out to the dining-room, where they had some nice cakes and bread and butter and tea. Then they were led into the schoolroom to see the wonderful tree. It was not lighted up, for it was daytime, but its branches were loaded with pretty things which had been sent to the mission by a Sunday-school in America. Some of the dolls had been dressed by loving little friends of the girls, while the boys had carved, rigged, and painted famous ships for their little Japanese cousins. There were things, too, which could not be made very well by little fingers, and so the money banks had been opened and the hoarded pennies taken out to buy books and toys for the children who had just learned about Christmas and the Baby who was born to save them.

You should have seen their black eyes dance as toys, cakes, mittens, books, and tippets were carfully stowed away in their wide-flowing sleeves. After the toys had been divided the children heard the sweet story of the Babe of Bethlehem (some for the first time), and after a beautiful Christmas carol they all made their bows to the kind ladies and separated. One little tot in a yellow silk robe which reached to his feet, and whose big sleeves were bulging out with some of the wonderful fruit of the Christmas tree, toddled up to one of the kind lady teachers and said, anxiously:

"O teacher, do tell me when Christmas will come again! I hope it will be very soon."

By permission of the Sunday School Advocate.

A JAPANESE LULLABY

NOTE.—A recitation for a Beginner or small Primary child in costume with a Japanese doll in her arms.

Go to sleep, my baby! Where has nursie gone?
Over that high mountain to her village home.
What will she bring to baby from the village shops?
Rattles, drums, and flutes; and little Daruma San,
The doll that won't lie down, and paper doggies, too.
Baby is my good boy, lullaby!
Lullaby!
Baby is my good boy, lullaby!

By permission, Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A.

THE LITTE CHILDREN IN JAPAN

The little children in Japan
Are fearfully polite;
They always thank their bread and milk
Before they take a bite,
And say, "You make us most content,
O honorable nourishment."

The little children in Japan
Wear mittens on their feet;
They have no proper hats to go
A-walking on the street;
And wooden stilts for overshoes
They don't object at all to use.

The little children in Japan
  With toys of paper play,
And carry paper parasols
  To keep the rain away;
    And, when you go to see, you'll find
    It's paper walls they live behind.

—Selected.

JUST SUPPOSE

Suppose you were a little girl,
  And your home was in Japan;
Suppose the third of March had come,
  And your name was Umé San.
Why, then would come the Feast of Dolls,
  And oh, how glad you'd be!
For on that day the dolls come out
  Their girl-mamas to see.

The honorable father's hand
  Unlocks the storehouse door,
And from it brings a hundred dolls,
  —Perhaps there may be more—
Then in the best room of the house
  On shelves of lovely red,
They're placed in order—one by one—
  I'd like to see the spread!

Musicians with their instruments,
  And servants in a row,
And men to pull jinrickishas
  When dolls ride out, you know,
And then there are the dearest things
  To cook and serve and eat;
Such cunning little bowls and cups
  All filled with something sweet.

Some of these dolls are very old,
  A hundred years at least;
The great-great-grandmothers once played
  With them at their Doll Feast.
There's a Mikado and his wife,
  In splendid royal dress,
And there are nobles and their wives,
  A score or more, I guess.

And if you will believe it,
  The little girls themselves
Cook cakes and things to feed the dolls
  That sit upon the shelves!
Well! Three days they are so happy,
  Doing just as they please,
Thinking of it I almost wish
  I were a Japanese.

But then—just hear what happens!
  It doesn't seem quite right;—
Back to the storehouse go the dolls
  And there they're locked in tight!
And there they stay all in the dark
  Until another spring.
Now just suppose they were your dolls—
  Wouldn't you cry like everything?

—Lucy Jameson Scott.

By permission.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

Now, if you should visit a Japanese home
  Where there isn't a sofa or chair,
And the hostess should say, "Take a seat, sir, I pray,"
  Now, where would you sit? Tell me where.
And should they persuade you to stay there and dine,
  Where knives, forks, and spoons are unknown,
Do you think you could eat with chopsticks of wood?
  And how might you pick up a bone?
And then, should they take you a Japanese drive
  In a neat little "rickshaw" of blue,
And you found, in Japan, that your horse was a man,
  Now what do you think you would do?

—Independent.

By permission.

FACTS ABOUT JAPAN FOR JUNIORS

BY ANITA B. FERRIS

NOTE.—There should be a map of Asia clearly seen by all the pupils, to which the leader may refer.

What is the name of this chain of islands east of Asia? The name, Japan, came originally from a Chinese word which meant "Sunrise Land," because the Chinese knew these islands lay to the east and it seemed to them the land out of which the sun came.

Japan proper is made up of four large islands and hundreds of small ones, all of which together are only one fortieth as large as the United States. Still, these islands, which are so much smaller in extent than our country, are very densely populated, so that there are half as many people in them as there are in the whole of our country.

Japan has a varied climate, just the same as we have. They have cold winters in the north with deep snows sometimes, and in the south a much milder climate. Japan is a beautiful country of gardens and flowers, of tiny lakes and beautiful volcanic mountains.

On account of the many volcanoes, Japan is called the land of earthquakes. In Tokyo it is said that the people get a good shaking at least once a day.

To avoid having their houses thrown down by the earthquakes, as they would be if they were built of heavy materials, the Japanese make their houses of paper on wooden frames. They protect them by night with wooden shutters, which may be removed in the daytime, and divide them into rooms as they please by means of sliding partitions of paper screens. Spotless matting and soft white rugs cover the floor, and in order to keep them clean the Japanese never wear their shoes in the house, but leave their straw sandals or wooden clogs at the door. These dainty, clean little houses are not very comfortable in winter, however, for they are not heated at all, and the only way the people keep warm is by putting on more clothing and hovering over tiny box-like metal stoves which contain a little burning charcoal.

Japan might be called the land of paper as well as the land of earthquakes, for the people are very clever in making many different kinds of paper for many different uses. They not only build paper houses, but they use paper napkins and handkerchiefs, paper umbrellas and lanterns, and the children play with paper toys.

You all know how the Japanese dress and how they look, for you have seen so many pictures of them.

There are now many thousands of Christians in Japan, but there are also many, many thousands more who worship idols, offer food to the spirits of the dead, and do not know our God at all. They worship a mountain god, a horse god, a tree god, the fox god, and gods who are supposed to cure those who are sick. A mother who is not a Christian will take her sick child to the temple and rub her hand on the head of the old wooden idol, and then on the head of her child, thinking that the god will thus heal him. But Christian day-schools and Sunday-schools in Japan are doing much to help the boys and girls there grow up to be Christian men and women.

JAPANESE GAMES*

Bounce the Ball

The ball is dashed upon the ground with considerable force, the object of the player being to turn around and face about again exactly in the time to slap

*From Hall, *Children at Play in Many Lands,* Missionary Education Movement.

the ball back on each rebound for five times in succession.

Otadama

Make a number of small bags about two inches square and fill them with rice. The game is to toss these in the air, keeping three, four, or five going at the same time.

Hana, Hana, Hana, Kuchi

The players sit in a circle, while the leader, tapping her nose (all the others imitate), says, "hana, hana, hana, *kuchi*," which means, "nose, nose, nose, *mouth*;" meanwhile she taps some other feature, as for instance her ear. The game is to do what the leader says, not what she does, which is very difficult when she is quick.

hana—nose
kuchi—mouth
mimi-ear
me—eye

Small children in playing the game need use only the English words.

Whenever any one makes a mistake she must take the leader's place or submit to being daubed on the cheek with flour and water.

HAPPY CHILDREN

BY BERNICE HALL LEGG

*Children may be trained for marching—girls in Japanese costumes with parasols, or with dolls strapped on their backs; boys carrying Japanese lanterns held aloft on poles. The march may be elaborate as desired, or may be very simple, omitting the costuming. However, dolls and lanterns should be carried by all taking part.**

At the close of march have the boys form an arch with lanterns, beneath which the girls pass, and all then form a group and sing the following song to the tune of "Savior, like a shepherd lead us:"

HAPPY CHILDREN

1. All the happy children of the nations,
   All the girls and all the boys,
   Have their pleasant recreations
   With their games and with their toys.
   Happy children, happy children,
   Playing through the summer hours;
   Happy children, happy children,
   Brighter than the brightest flowers.

2. Now we play that we are children
   From a land across the seas,
   Marching with our dolls and lanterns
   Under lovely cherry trees.
   Happy children, happy children,
   Playing through the summer hours;
   Happy children, happy children,
   Brighter than the brightest flowers.

3. But we're glad we're really children
   Of a land where Chirst is King,
   Where we learn about our Savior
   And his praises we may sing.
   Happy children, happy children,
   Singing all the summer hours;
   Happy children, happy children,
   Brighter than the brightest flowers.

CHERRY BLOSSOM MARCH AND CHORUS

BY BERNICE HALL LEGG

A fancy march with drill features may be arranged for girls in Japanese costume, carrying branches to represent the Japanese cherry blossoms. These may easily be made by tying small pink tissue paper flowers upon leafless branches. Pine boughs make an effective background for this drill, which closes with singing:

*Cherry blossom decorations may be easily made by fastening small pink tissue-paper flowers upon leafless branches. A pretty effect is secured by combining these with pine boughs.

Cherry Blossoms

Tune, "Beulah Land," found in Gospel Hymns.

1. The skies are bright in fair Japan,
Soft breezes float from nature's fan,
Pink cherry blossoms fill the air,
And all the land is passing fair.
Oh fair Japan, oh rare Japan,
Oh land of lantern and of fan,
We love thy art, we love thy flowers,
Thy tales that charm the passing hours,
Thy temples crowning every hill,
Thy songs that weirdly, sweetly thrill.

2. But though thy flowers are passing fair,
They shed no perfume on the air,
They bring no fruit for good of man;
Their beauty mocks thee, fair Japan.
Oh land afar across the sea,
Thy Master stands and calls for thee;
He bids thee lift thine earthward eyes
And seek thy home beyond the skies,
To leave the error of thy night
And walk with him in paths of light.

Mohammedan Lands

GENERAL INFORMATION

For statistics of all denominational work, lists of denominational missionaries, missionary problems and reports of all kinds of work, and for the latest facts in the history of the year in Mohammedan lands, apply to your denominational headquarters. See list of correspondents at end of this book.

Apply also to your Board rooms for music, curios, maps and pictures, and for slides, pictures and music, to the Missionary Education Movement, New York City.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Andrews: Seven Little Sisters. Ginn & Co.................................$ .50
Andrews: Each and All. Ginn & Co..................................... .50
Chance: Little Folks of Many Lands. Ginn & Co............................ .45
Everyland: New York. **10 cents a copy, $1.00 a year.**
Hall: Children at Play in Many Lands. Missionary Education Movement....... .75
Young: Children of Arabia. Fleming H. Revell Co. .... .60
Youth's Companion Series: The Wide World. Ginn & Co..................... .25
Zwemer: Topsy Turvy Land. Fleming H. Revell Co. .... .75
Zwemer: Zigzag Journeys in the Camel Country. Fleming H. Revell Co. 1.00

COSTUMES

PERSIAN

Girls: A loose jacket, buttoning in front and having long sleeves, of any inexpensive though rather rich-looking material. A full divided skirt of any colored material. It is fastened around the waist with a draw-string. The girls wear round black caps with embroidery on them.

Boys: A cloth coat—somewhat like our military coat—reaching down to the knees; under the coat there is a bright-colored vest, buttoning in the middle, and then the long, rather tight trousers. The boys always wear the lambskin or astrakan caps. It is effective to have the coat and trousers black and the vest red.

TURKISH

It is extremely difficult to make simple and inexpensive copies of the Turkish costumes, for they are usually of velvet or satin and very beautifully and elaborately embroidered, often with gold thread.

Satine would perhaps be the best material to use, and trimming could be sewed on without much expense, or the goods could be effectively embroidered. Purple, green, and red are characteristic colors for the costumes.

The costume of the boys and girls is much the same—very full loose trousers reaching to the ankle where they are rather narrow, and a short jacket, open in front. The boys have a vest also. The boys wear a close-fitting red cloth cap with black tassel, known as a fez.

Persian and Turkish costumes for girls and boys, if home manufacture is not feasible, may be rented from the Missionary Education Movement, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Catalog of the costumes and exhibit material will be sent on application.

(See also Mohammedan costumes under India.)

STORIES TO TELL

Gemila, The Child of the Desert
From *Seven Little Sisters*

What Was Gemila Doing?
From *Each and All*

Ahmed
From *Little Folks of Many Lands*

The Lost Bee and the Patient Donkey
Everyland, June, 1914

An Adventure in the Desert
Everyland, September, 1915

Sinbad the Sailor and Noah's Ark
Everyland, June, 1915

Nouritza's Rug
Everyland, September, 1915

FACTS ABOUT ARABIA FOR JUNIORS

NOTE.—There should be a map in plain view, to which the speaker may frequently refer.

In the atlas Arabia looks like a big mail-pouch hung up by the side of some railway station, pretty empty of everything. But this queer mail-pouch country is not as empty as people imagine. It is a country larger than all of the United States east of the Mississippi. From north to south you can ride a camel one thousand miles, and from east to west more than six hundred. But the geography of the country is topsy-turvy altogether, and that is why it has been so long a neglected peninsula. People kept on wondering at the queer outside of the mail-pouch and never opened the lock to learn its secrets by looking inside.

First of all, Arabia is perhaps the only land that has three of its boundaries fixed and the other always shifting. Such is the case with the northern boundary of Arabia. It is different on every map and changes every year because the inhabitants go about as nomads; that is, they "have no continuing city."

Arabia has no rivers except underground. It has no railroad and very few roads at all. Some parts of the country are very green and fertile and in other parts there is not enough grass the year around to give one square meal to a single grasshopper. Arabia has four thousand miles of coast and yet only six harbors where steamers call. Since Peary discovered the North Pole there are better maps of that part of the world than of southeastern Arabia, for no one has ever spent time or money to explore this part of the country.

There are no lakes in Arabia, but there is a large sea of sand called Al Ahkaf, into which a traveler once reported that he threw a lead and line and found no bottom! No one has been there since to see whether his story is true. At one place in eastern Arabia, there are salt-water wells on shore and fresh-water springs in the midst of the salt sea from which water is brought to shore. Arabia has no postage-stamps and no political capital and no telegraph system. Different coins from different parts of the world are used in different provinces. It is a land of contradictions and even the waters that bound it are misnamed. The Red Sea is blue, and the Persian Gulf has no Persian ships and should be called an English lake. This topsy-turvy land has

no political divisions. Some say it has five and some seven provinces; no one knows what is its population, since no one has ever tried to find it out. In nearly all countries the mountain ranges run north and south, but in Arabia they run nearly east and west. There are desert sands six hundred feet deep and mountain peaks nine thousand feet high. On the coasts it is fearfully hot, and the climate is often deadly. On the highlands it is often bitterly cold; and yet the people are all the same race, speech, custom, language, and religion.

There are no pumps in Arabia, but plenty of wells. There are no woods in Arabia, but plenty of trees. The camel is a topsy-turvy ship and the ostrich is a topsy-turvy bird. The Arabs call the former the ship of the desert; and the latter they say is half camel and half bird. In some parts of Arabia horses and cows are fed on boiled fish because that is cheaper than grass! In other parts of the country donkeys are fed on dates. Arabia has more rulers than any other country of the same size, and yet it is a land without a strong ruling government. The people never meet one another without saying "Peace to you;" yet there has never been any peace over the whole land since Christ's birth or even since the days of Ishmael, who, the Bible tells us, was the ancestor of all these people. *—From Topsy Turvy Land, by A. E. and S. M. Zwemer, copyright, 1902, by Fleming H. Revell Company.*

A TURKISH DEBT

A True Story

BY L. C. M.

Alexander Greatorex had been kind to Mehemet Ali, his Turkish neighbor. Greatorex was a canny Scotchman who had been for some years a large and successful wool merchant in Constantinople.

Mehemet Ali was in the same kind of business; and when the Scotchman first came to establish himself in the Turkish capital, this Turkish neighbor had been friendly and helpful. As the years went on, however, Greatorex had increased and Ali had decreased.

From time to time the Scot had aided the Turk in some business emergency, or had postponed his claim for some small debt, until at last the sum owed him by Ali amounted to five hundred dollars—a sum so small to the prosperous merchant that it troubled him not at all; but so large to the Turkish debtor that to meet this obligation became the settled purpose and ambition of his life.

Whenever the two men met in the pleasant streets of Constantinople, the Turk would salute his creditor with a profound salaam,—that graceful Turkish gesture which is supposed to mean, "I lay my mouth in the dust at your feet,"—and then he would say: "I have not forgotten,—I do not forget,—my debt is of five hundred dollars!"

One day, as Greatorex walked along the familiar street, a stranger salaamed before him, and then said: "I am the eldest son of Mehemet Ali. He is dead, and his debts are mine. I owe to your honor five hundred dollars."

But it seemed that business prospered with the son no better than with his father, for years went on and the debt was not paid; yet still, whenever the two men met, the Turk bent before the Christian, and acknowledged his obligation.

At length one day another turbaned head bowed itself in the street before Greatorex, and a new voice said: "My brother is dead. I am the second son of Mehemet Ali, and his debts are mine. I owe your honor five hundred dollars, and surely it shall be paid." And again for a few years this pledge was repeated at every meeting with the second son.

At last still another Turkish head was bowed before Greatorex, and still another voice said: "Both my elder brothers are dead. I am the third and last son of my father. His debts are now mine, and I owe your honor five hundred dollars."

A few months later on, to the customary acknowledgment of the debt, the young Turk added: "And I see now how payment shall be possible;" and he went on to explain that his profession was that of a civil engineer, and he was to be sent to Syria to make an important survey, and the fee would be large, and the debt of his father should be the first claim on it.

For some while after this the wool merchant heard nothing of his debtor; but at length a young Turk came to him, in his office, and desired to speak with him.

"I am the friend," he said, "of Ali, the son of Mehemet. He was stricken with fever in Syria, and died before he had completed his survey. I was with him in his last hour, and he told me of the unpaid debt of his father, and made me promise to lay it before his three sisters, and call on them to do honor to his father's memory by its payment. Each of the sisters has her own husband, and one of them is rich; but the husbands say they are not the sons of Mehemet Ali; and they would fain escape from this obligation that was his."

"And why not?" said Greatorex, kindly. "The sum is small. I will forgive the debt."

"Not so, my lord," answered the young Turk. "I have promised the son of Mehemet that the debt shall be paid, and he would be ill at ease in his grave if I broke my word. But the three sisters are gathered this morning in the house of their father, and they would fain speak with my lord. Will my lord go thither? And when they propose to leave the debt unpaid, my lord must answer only: 'There is no haste. In the world that is to come each one shall have his own.'"

And the Scot and the Turk went forth together to the house of Mehemet Ali, and from behind the curtains of the women's room came the voices of the three unseen daughters:

"Would my lord graciously forgive the debt of their father, since he was not the father of their husbands?"

And Greatorex, as he had been instructed in advance by the young Turk, answered only, "There is no haste. In the world to come each one shall have his own."

Then from behind the curtain reached the slender, dark hand of the eldest daughter, and in it was a purse. "There," said the voice, "there is the debt which is due the creditor of our father."

And when in his own counting-room the old Scotchman opened the purse, he found there not only the five hundred dollars, but also the interest on it, at five per cent., for nineteen years. The debt had been paid to the uttermost farthing; and thus does a Turk honor his father.

By courtesy of The Youths' Companion, and Ginn & Company.

THE STORY OF A ROLLER BANDAGE

I was walking up toward the mission hospital, when what should I see coming down the steps but a roller bandage, walking along as happy as could be, and after exchanging the usual Arab greeting of "Salaam," he told me this story:

"I suppose you have never heard of me before, and I am sure you never will unless I introduce myself and unroll the story of my short but interesting life.

"A little round fat body like me may have a long story to tell; for when I lie

at full length I measure four yards without stretching the truth one bit.

"It is only six months ago, as far as I can remember, that I was part of a fine new piece of white muslin in the store window of a merchant, and had no name or place or mission of my own in this big world. One day a salesman reached out and took the piece of muslin down. It was sent with a lot of other purchases to the home of a lady (I think her name was Phœbe or Dorcas) greatly interested in foreign missions.

"The next thing I knew, the willing hands and deft fingers of a band of little folks tore me from my seven sisters and rolled me up so snug and tight that none would imagine I was only a strip of cloth. And then, when a bright new pin was stuck on my breast, really I began to feel quite important. The following day I was put into a pasteboard box with three dozen other roller bandages, and I remember hearing a short prayer, just as they tied down the cover, that God would bless us on our errand of mercy to dark Arabia.

"Time would fail me to tell of the days we spent in the basement of the building of the Board of Foreign Missions, waiting to be put in our corner of a big box, and of all the interesting things I learned from those who spoke about the heathen and Mohammedans while they were packing supplies for the various mission fields. You know I never knew there were so many doctors and nurses, and so many hospitals and dispensaries—not to speak of schools and other things under the care of our Board.

"Finally, the box that was to be my prison-house for two long months was tumbled into a dray and taken to the North River pier. There they lifted us into the dark hold of a ship; the sailors fastened down the hatches; the whistles blew, and we were off for the long voyage.

"Being a roller bandage from my earliest youth, I did not at all mind the motion of the vessel; but some of the dolls and picture cards were all upset.

"When we reached Bombay we were transferred with a great deal of unnecessary noise to another ship bound for the Persian Gulf. I remember that I was curious to know at which port of the Gulf I would disembark. One of the biggest roller bandages said *he* knew, for he had heard the New York lady tell the children that these bandages were for the Mason Memorial Hospital at Bahrein, Arabia. All were not agreed.

"A many-tailed bandage said he thought we were going to Busrah to help in the dispensary there, but a T bandage, which has three ends to it and is shaped like a big letter T, contradicted him, and there came near being a quarrel. The little bandages, however, with one accord smoothed it over by saying: 'Wait and you will see.'

"The big roller bandage was right. When the British India steamer entered Bahrein harbor with a large cargo of rice and tea and Manchester goods, the missionary boxes got mixed up with the rest, and were put over the ship's side into native boats.

"Such a hubbub and shouting! I knew we were among Arabs and in the land of Ishmael, although I could not understand one word of their strange language.

"From the cargo boat we were carried on the back of a donkey through the surf to the custom-house, and thence once again to the hospital. I cannot say I enjoyed the donkey ride. The boy who drove the beast had an awkward way of turning sharp corners in the narrow streets, and then the big packing case would bump hard against a stone wall, and give us an awful shaking.

"It was a relief to hear the voices of our new friends. Soon the box was opened, and we saw daylight once more. The sheets and blankets were put to immediate use in the general ward; the dolls put away for Christmas; while *we* were taken to the operating room, and put behind glass doors on a shelf. Even though I was not an eye bandage, I could easily see that we were occupying the best room in the entire hospital, and I distinctly heard one of the ladies say: 'These bandages *are* fine.'

"You can imagine that we kept our eyes and ears open after such a welcome. Well, it was rather monotonous, after all. Every day, nearly, the doctor had some sort of an eye patient on the table, and consequently the eye bandages put on airs of great importance. We waited impatiently.

"One day a nurse came in suddenly and seized me by my throat and took me without ceremony to the general ward, a big room with twelve beds in it.

"On the stretcher, in the middle of the floor, lay an Arab, looking very untidy and weak, and in great pain. I heard his story. His name was Ahmed bin Haroon, and he was a poor fisherman from the distant village of Zillag. Zillag is one of those little struggling hamlets on the Island of Bahrein to which the missionaries occasionally make zigzag journeys, visiting the people to carry them Gospels or to invite the sick to the hospital. The day before, very early in the morning, while he was mending his nets and collecting his fish, a robber came, stabbed him twice in his abdomen, and, taking the fish, ran away.

"The poor man had two nasty cuts, deep and dangerous, and I heard them say while cleaning the wounds that he would probably not live. Though he looked so ignorant and dirty, I really felt sorry for the poor fellow, and wondered if I could be of much help. After the doctor put on the dressings, my turn came. In fact, I had more turns than I have ever had since, all in the space of five minutes. Round and round that Arab they wound me close. But to see the look of gratitude on his face when, in a clean shirt and on a nice spring bed, with me for company, he opened his eyes—well, it was worth the long journey, I can tell you. Over our bed there was a chart with No. 109, and the man's name on it. There were also curious zigzag lines drawn every morning and evening across the chart. The doctor put these lines there, for I saw him do it, after inserting a fever thermometer in the patient's mouth. I soon learned to know whether the line would go up or down by counting the heart-beats of my companion. Of course, being so close together, we learned to like each other, and I one day explained to him how the people away off in America had sent me as their little missionary for his comfort. On the opposite side of the ward there was a picture of Christ healing a blind man, which we used to look at.

"They prayed for No. 109 and read a little to him, but I am sure he understood what *I* told him much better. You see, until he got hurt he was very suspicious of Christians and believed all sorts of foolish things about them. Now he talked with other patients and watched what was done for them, and felt *me* near him; it was a new life for him. His condition became more hopeful every day; I knew it by the way he began to enjoy his soup. Not that I was with him all the time myself. No; the other roller bandages had their turn, and I heard the rest of the story from them. Ahmed bin Haroon was discharged nearly cured on the first day of the Moslem fast month. He came back after for a visit, and is going about his work—the same fisher-

man. Only there is no telling how much he may think of what he saw and heard as he mends his nets at Zillag. And the missionaries are sure of a warm welcome in that city hereafter.

"The day I was taken off duty and said good-by to my patient I met such a lot of bandages down-stairs in the surgery; there seemed no end of them. Of course, most of them were common, from the Bahrein bazaar, and unbleached, but they had good stories to tell, nevertheless. I heard it stated on good authority that over a thousand yards of bandages were used up in one month. And when I saw the number of men, women, and children with ulcers and abscesses sitting on the veranda that day I did not doubt the fact. Only I wish I could have told it to that salesman in New York and to the kind lady. Then there would have been more of us; for I am sure it is no trouble for the boys and girls to make rollers of us.

"My end was near. In spite of all that I had done for the hospital the sweeper carried me out in a bucket and then, without ceremony or apology, the whole pile of us were set on fire, and we went up in a chariot like Elijah."

He ended his story, and as I looked at him, I was just about to say: "How did you ever get back here out of the bucket and the fire to come and tell me your story?" but when I began to speak, the bandage speedily disappeared, and so did the hospital, and I awoke from my dream. The hospital records, however, show how the story of a bandage is true in every particular.

—From Zigzag Journeys in the Camel Country, by A. E. and S. M. Zwemer, copyright, 1911, *by Fleming H. Revell Co.*

IN PERSIA AND AMERICA

Arranged for two Junior boys, one in Persian costume if possible.

AMERICAN BOY.—When an American gentleman enters a house he takes off his hat and leaves on his shoes.

PERSIAN BOY.—In our country a man takes off his shoes and leaves his hat on.

A. B. We sit on chairs.

P. B. We sit on the floor.

A. B. We use lots of dishes for a meal.

P. B. A family in our country eats from one bowl.

A. B. We use knives, forks, and spoons.

P. B. We eat with our fingers.

A. B. In passing people on the street we turn to the right.

P. B. And we to the left.

A. B. We sit on a chair at a desk when we study in school.

P. B. We sit on the floor and sway backward and forward.

A.B. We study our lessons silently.

P. B. We shout them aloud.

A. B. We read and write from left to right.

P. B. And we from right to left.

—Based on "A Letter About Persia," in Over Sea and Land.

The South Sea Islands

GENERAL INFORMATION

Very little work comparatively is done in the Island World by American Mission Boards, except in the case of our new possessions. Apply to your denominational headquarters for information. See list of correspondents at end of this book.

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STORIES TO TELL

A Bonfire of Idols in Aniwa.
International Graded Lessons, Junior Grade, Second Year, Part III.

Kapiolani Defies the Fire Goddess Pele.

John Williams and His Good Ship.
International Graded Lessons, Junior Grade, Fourth Year, Part IV.

TAMATE THE BRAVE MISSIONARY TO NEW GUINEA

James Chalmers was a Scotch lad, brave and strong and quick and daring. He was always the leader among his boy friends. One day, however, he himself found a leader to follow, a hero greater than any other—Jesus Christ. James Chalmers wished to serve his great captain by doing something *very* hard,—just the hardest thing which could be found. Fifty years ago one of the most dangerous things a man could possibly do was to be a missionary in one of the wild South Sea Islands, where the natives were fierce and cruel and nearly all cannibals.

Chalmers asked the missionary board to send him to the worst island possible, where no missionary had ever been, and where no single person had ever heard of God or Jesus. After a time his wish was granted, and Chalmers, or "Tamate," as the natives, who could not pronounce the name "Chalmers," called him, went to the big island of Papua or New Guinea, which you will find on the map just north of Australia. Nothing in the world could give Tamate so much happiness as to explore such an island, and to tell its people, who were savage cannibals, about God.

The chief soon became Chalmers' friend, and in time the people grew proud of having the white missionary and his wife live among them.

Like the other natives on New Guinea these people at Suau were fond of war, and after Tamate came among them had a fierce battle with the men on the main-

land. Tamate wanted to make peace between the two tribes, and to tell the enemies on the mainland as well as the now friendly people at Suau about Jesus. So one afternoon he said to some of his Suau friends: "I am going to Tepauri to-morrow; will you go with me?" Go to the camp of an enemy after such a battle as they had just had? Oh, no, not the bravest dared do such a thing! Of what was their white friend thinking? Even the chief refused.

"That evening, as Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers sat at their door, a troup of natives came to them. The dark men carried strange white things in their arms. When they came near they set them down in front of the house. They were skulls! The chief spoke for the others. He said: 'Friend, are you going over there to-morrow?'

"'Yes, I mean to go.'

"'Do you see these skulls? They belong to people we killed over there. They have not been paid for. They will take your head in payment, for you are our great friend!'

"He looked hard at Tamate and added: 'Will you go now?'

"'Yes, I will go to-morrow morning, and God will take care of us,' quietly replied Tamate."

The next day Tamate said to a native helper who had come with him from his first island home:

"You heard all the natives said yesterday. I am going to Tepauri. Will you come?"

Although he knew it was so dangerous, this brave Christian native consented, and together he and Tamate started for Tepauri.

Arriving on the mainland, they soon found themselves in the midst of a wild dancing mob. The natives shouted and waved their spears and clubs and made believe to throw them. Every now and again they cried "Goira, Goira," which sounded to Tamate and his helper like a word they already knew meaning *"spear them."*

The natives caught Tamate's hand and rushed along the shore with him. The teacher was forced to follow close behind, and still the men of Tepauri danced and shouted and aimed their spears at unseen foes.

Finally they came to the bed of a stream. Tamate braced his heel against a stone to try to stop himself, but he was lifted over it and on and on, stumbling and running and climbing up the stony bed. He turned to his helper and said, "Try to get back, they may let you go."

"I am trying all the time," replied the brave helper.

"What do you think they mean to do?" panted Tamate, as he was dragged along.

"Oh, they are taking us to the sacred place to kill us," replied the teacher.

"It looks like it," said Tamate.

The thick undergrowth was so close and tangled that there was no hope of escape into it.

"No use," exclaimed Tamate, ceasing to struggle, "God is with us, so let us go quietly."

From the dry stones of the stream bed and the thick bush they came to a beautiful cool pool of water, hung round with fern and moss.

Here, almost breathless, the captives were allowed to stop, and then one of the painted warriors who had been dragging them, made a speech. To the men who were expecting death, came these words so astonishing that they could hardly believe their ears:

"Tamate, look! Here is good *goira*—water (that was what the terrifying word meant!). It is yours, and all this land is yours. Our young men will begin at once to build you a house. Go and bring your wife and leave those bad murdering peo-

ple you are with, and come and live with us."

Do you remember Tamate's words to the chief at Suau, when, after showing him the skulls of the men from the mainland, the chief looked hard at him and asked: "Will you go *now?*" Do you think they came true?

—Adapted by Anita B. Ferris from Chalmers of New Guinea, by Kelman.

KONE, A CHRISTIAN SAVAGE

This story is introduced by the story "Tamate, the Brave Missionary to New Guinea," and is adapted from Chapter VI of *Chalmers of New Guinea,* by Kelman.

After working for some years at Suau, and among the people on the mainland, Tamate made a new home for himself at Fort Moresby, some distance west of his first home. He wished to tell as many of the New Guinea tribes as possible about the true God, so he moved his home every few years, and traveled all along the coast and all through the interior winning the friendship of the people in order to prepare the way for other missionaries who would come later and plant schools and build churches. Tamate had not been in his new home long before he began traveling about as usual.

On one of his voyages westward along the coast he sighted three canoes. The men in the canoes were waiting to trade with natives from the village of Namoa. When they saw Tamate they all went ashore and ate together on the beach. Still there was no sign of the Namoans.

"Why not walk to Namoa?" said one.

"Why not?"

"And Tamate will come too!"

He did not wish to go. He was on his way to a village farther west. But the others were very eager to have him with them, and he yielded. As they started he looked round doubtfully.

"I fear it will rain before we can get back," he said.

"Not till we return," answered a native woman.

"Why not?"

"The rainmaker is with us, and he only can bring rain!"

"Where is he?"

The woman pointed to a chief named Kone.

"What about rain, Kone?"

"It cannot rain, so do not fear."

"But I think it will rain."

"You need not fear; let us start."

As they walked he said again:

"Kone, it will rain!"

"It will not," Kone said. Then he turned to the mountains and shouted:

"Rain, stay on the mountains! Rain, stay on the mountains!"

"No use, Kone; rain will come."

Soon the rain began to fall in torrents. Kone thought that Tamate had brought the rain by stronger magic than he himself could use. He said:

"You are a great chief, and so am I, but the rain has listened to you."

"Come, my friend, I have told you of the great and good Spirit and of his power."

But Kone only laughed.

The kindly Namoans made the strangers welcome. They feasted them in their clubhouse till the rain was over and the stars shone on the white chief and the dark natives, who gazed with awe on the man who had brought rain in spite of Kone.

After this Tamate often met the rainmaker, who loved to sit and listen while the white chief told of the fierce men who lived toward the sunsetting, and of the way in which he had brought peace among many of them. Kone offered to visit him at Port Moresby. Tamate was amused. He thought it was only in order to get tobacco and tomahawks and beads that

Kone meant to come. Kone did wish to get these things, but the thought of peace had got into his mind, and he had begun to love his new friend greatly too.

Tamate wished to place a teacher in the village of Delena, where Kone's home was. So he stayed there for some time to take charge of the building of a house and to prepare for a school.

While Tamate stayed at Delena, he had a short service each day at sunrise, and another at sunset. At first the natives came to see what the strange white man did. Afterward they began to care for what he said. They found that this strong chief, who had brought rain when they did not wish it, and peace when they did wish it, cared very much about the words he spoke at sunrise and at sunset. They could see it. His face glowed. The man who had been calm when the arrows flew about him, grew excited when he spoke of his Master Jesus Christ. So they wondered and listened. But Kone waited when the others went away. He wished to know more. Tamate taught him a prayer: "Great Spirit of love, give me light! Lead me to Christ, for Jesus' sake."

It is very simple, but it was not easy for Kone to learn it. Every now and then a smile came to Tamate's lips, when he saw the rainmaker on his way from the village, for he knew why he was coming and what he would say:

"Tamate, I have forgotten it."

Then he learned it again, and went off gladly, only to come back in a little while and say, "I have forgotten it, Tamate."

But before the house was built Kone had learned that prayer, so that he could never forget it.

Not long after Mr. Chalmers left Delena a great feast was held there. Kone's heart was full of love to his white friend who had saved him from death and had brought peace because he knew the great Spirit of love. Kone, too, wished to bring peace. He would help Tamate's work and end the strife between the Loloans and the Naara tribe with whom they were at war. He thought the feast would be a good time to begin, so he asked two Naara men to come to Delena for it.

As the dancing began, he saw a Loloan steal up behind one of his Naara friends. The Loloan's spear was aimed at the stranger. There was no time for Kone to save his guest except in one way. He leapt in front of his friend, and the spear that was meant for the Naara man entered his own breast. He was carried home to die.

"Send for Tamate," he said, "send for Tamate." But across the reef and up against the shore a great southeast wind was blowing, and no canoe could face the wildness of the sea.

In the darkness of pain and weakness, Kone could not have the joy of seeing his friend once more. But still in the shadow of death he sought for Tamate's Master, and murmured the words he had learned so slowly: "Great Spirit of love, give me light! Lead me to Christ."

A few months later, Mr. Chalmers came back to Delena. He wished to go still farther west, and meant to take Kone with him. Kone was a good fellow traveler. He could speak many languages, he was loved by the natives, and he was a constant joy to Tamate. The great childlike heart of the savage chief was like his own.

When the boat reached Delena, a canoe came out to meet her. But there were no shouts of welcome, and Kone was not there.

A chief stepped on board in silence, and at first would give no answer to the eager question, "Where is Kone?" Then he said, "Oh, Tamate, your friend Kone is dead."

"Dead?"

"Yes, Kone is dead, and we buried him

at your house, the house of his one great friend!"

Then came the story of how Kone gave his life for his friend, and as Tamate sat with his head bowed in his hands in grief, came the memory of the little prayer which Kone had tried so hard to learn, "Great Spirit of love, give me light! Lead me to Christ," and Tamate knew that it had been answered at last.

A PLEA FROM TANNA

After Dr. John G. Paton's many blood-curdling adventures during his last year on the island of Tanna, the little band of three missionaries finally decided to leave. The friendly chiefs through whose assistance alone the escape of the missionaries was possible, sent a prayer by Dr. Paton to the "Great chief at Sydney."

"We great men of Tanna," they said, "dwell in a dark land. Our people are very dark-hearted. They know nothing good. Misi Paton, the man, Misi Mathieson, the man, and Misi Mathieson, the woman, have dwelt here four yams (years), to teach us the worship of Jehovah. Alas, a part of our chiefs . . . they and their people hate the worship of Jehovah and all the good conduct which the worship teaches us and the people of all lands. They have stolen all Misi's property, they have broken his house and cut down his bananas, and they desire to kill Misi and eat him so that they may destroy the worship of God from the land of Tanna. . . . We hate their conduct . . . and pray you, the chief of Sydney, to quickly send a war boat to punish them. Then, truly, we will rejoice; then it will be good and safe for the three missionaries to dwell here and to teach us. Our hearts are very dark; we know nothing, we are just like pigs. . . . We earnestly pray you to protect us. We weep for our missionaries. They brought us medicine for our sickness and clothing for our bodies; they taught us good conduct and the way to heaven. Of these things, long ago, we had no knowledge; therefore we weep and our hearts cling to our missionaries. If they three are not here, who will love us and teach us good things? Who will protect us from foreigners? Oh, compassionate us, Chief of Sydney! . . You and your people know the word of Jehovah; you are going on the path to heaven, oh, look in mercy on us dark-hearted men, going to the bad land as our fathers went before us! May Jehovah make your hearts sweet toward us . . . and we will pray Jehovah to make you good, and give you rich reward."*

This prayer is in process of being answered, for after some years it was found practicable to reopen mission work on the island; and this hardest mission field in the heathen world, as it has been called, seems on the eve of full surrender to the gospel.—*From "Christus Redemptor," by Helen B. Montgomery.*

A SAMOAN CANOE SONG†

Translated by a missionary, who heard it sung by his crew while being paddled from Aana to Manono. The Rev. John Williams, "The Apostle to the Pacific," is the hero of the song.

Tall were the trees and sweet the fruits of
Aana;
But the warriors came from Manono,
And with cruel spite in their power and
might
Cut down all the fruit trees of Aana;
But Williams came with the gospel of
peace,
And tall trees and sweet fruits again grow
in Aana.

*This plea may be read effectively by an older Junior, after another pupil has given the brief story of Dr. Paton's life on the island of Tanna.

†Music for this song may be obtained by application to the London Missionary Society, 16 New Bridge Street, London, E. C., England.

Clear were the streams and sweet the rills
of Aana;
But the warriors came from Manono,
And they dyed the clear flood with the
heart's best blood
Of the slain of the manhood of Aana;
But Williams came with the gospel of
peace,
And clear streams and sweet waters now
flow on Aana.

Green were the fields and neat the homes
of Aana;
But the warriors came from Manono,
And green fields grew red and the war
flame was fed,
With the wreck of the houses of Aana;
But Williams came with the gospel of
peace,
And green fields and neat homes are now
seen on Aana.

Cruel and dark were the old gods of
Aana,
Like the gods adored on Manono.
And they heard not the prayer nor the
shriek of despair
Which rose from the altars in Aana;
But Williams came with the gospel of
peace,
And Jesus our Savior is now loved in
Aana.

Latin America

GENERAL INFORMATION

For the most complete and comprehensive survey of the Evangelical work in Latin America see the Report of the Congress on Christian work in Latin America held at Panama, February 10-20, 1916. It contains the reports of the eight commissions and the discussions on them at Panama. These reports formed the themes of the Congress.

For a summary of Christian work in various countries of Latin America see the Report of the Regional Conferences which were held at the close of the Panama Congress in various cities of Latin America.

For information on denominational work consult your denominational headquarters. See list of correspondents at the end of this book.

Apply to the Missionary Education Movement, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City, for pictures and slides.

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Latin America includes South and Central America, Mexico, and the West Indies. Until recently very little material has been available for boys and girls on these countries. Doubtless teachers will increasingly find program material available from the denominational mission boards, *Everyland,* and in general reading books.

ANA JULIA, THE VENEZUELAN MOUNTAIN CHILD*

BY ELIZABETH GURNEE ANDERSON

You ought to know Ana Julia. She is a little eight-year-old girl, living in a mountain village called Colon, far up in the mountains of Venezuela in South America.

The first time I saw Ana Julia was soon after I reached the village. I was sitting at my table writing in the hotel when a frightened, barefooted child, with dirty, torn clothing and tousled hair, came tiptoeing into my room, carrying a long broom in her hands. Without glancing at me, she began to sweep, trying to imitate Petra, the older servant's long strokes, but her chubby arms only made the dirt fly about.

I tried to get her to talk to me, but with a frightened look, she ran out of the room. The next day she came in again, bent under the weight of a heavy pitcher of water.

The next time she came, I gave her a slice of bread with lots of strawberry jam on it. Besides a faint little "Thank you," I received a shy glance from Ana Julia's great, soft brown eyes before she ran from the room. Once outside she hid behind the sewing-machine on the porch, so that she might investigate the unfamiliar delicacy. Just as I peeked through the vine at my window bars, I saw her stick her finger in the jam, lick it, smack her lips approvingly, then lap it off as fast a she could. From that moment, we had won Ana Julia's heart.

The hotel was only one story, with adobe walls and a red-tiled roof. It was built around a flower-bordered court, with a cane cooking shed, mule yard, and pig pens to the rear. It was here that Ana Julia worked.

For in Venezuela it is a common custom for little children of poor parents to leave their homes and work somewhere for food and clothing, which, of course, leaves them no opportunity for going to school or learning a useful trade.

We used to see Ana Julia come into the courtyard every morning at six o'clock, and while still yawning sleepily, feed the gray bird whose wooden cage hung on a limb of the big lime tree. Then more awake, she would give Clever, the stubby white and yellow pup, his breakfast of bread and milk. This was her happy time, for, while the puppy gobbled his food, she would run about him squealing or laughing, or would stoop over, to hug and kiss him. All too soon Señora Eufemia's shrill voice would call, "Ana Julia!" "Ana Julia!" Ana Julia would instantly answer, "Yes, Señora," and scamper away to help Telesforo, the boy servant, carry coffee and rolls to some of the storekeepers in the village.

Sometimes Ana Julia would creep up to my table to watch me write. She did not know one letter from another until she learned to print "ANA." It fascinated her so much to make "ANA's," that she would never half try "JULIA MORA RAMIREZ," the rest of her name.

One afternoon I combed Ana Julia's unkempt hair and showed her how she could do it herself. After I had tied a red ribbon on the braids and she had put on a clean dress, she looked so pretty that Petra exclaimed, "Why, Ana Julia!"

Later in the afternoon I heard such busy sounds in the mule yard that I looked out of my doorway to see what it was all about. And there was Ana Julia on the ground washing her dirty dress. She had it laid on a flat stone,

Everyland, January, 1916.

rubbing it with a tiny piece of soap. After soaping and pounding it, she rinsed it with water and lime juice poured from a gourd, then hung it on a barbed wire fence to dry.

About this time my husband had to leave for a two weeks' trip to the valley at the foot of the mountain, and as I was the only English-speaking person in the village, and knew practically no Spanish I was very dependent upon Ana Julia. My husband told her to take good care of me, and she took the responsibility very seriously, seeing that my room was kept free from invading dogs and clucking hens, that my meals were brought to me regularly, and that my days and evenings were not too lonesome. It was then that I taught her something about sewing. She learned quickly and wore the little white apron which she made with an air of triumph.

She never went to bed without first coming and knocking timidly on my door, to ask if she might not come in for a little while. Often she brought an orange, or a bit of meat for the *cuchi-cuchi,* our playful little pet that looked something like a Teddy-bear with a long tail.

This little creature curled itself up in a ball all day and slept, but by evening it was wide awake, and eager for the wildest kind of a frolic. It would jump up on her shoulder, pull her hair, and act so like a furry little cyclone that we would be compelled to put it in its box and give it its orange, which it would suck by lying flat on its back, holding it to its mouth in all four paws.

After the work of the day and the romp with the *cuchi-cuchi,* you can perhaps imagine how grimy dirty Ana Julia's hands would be. She accepted them as a matter of course and would sit down at the table and by the dim candle-light print pages of "ANA's." One evening I gave her hands a great scrubbing and her nails a real manicuring. The shapely little fingers got white and the nails all rosy, and when Ana Julia had thanked me and said good night, she walked out of the room in a daze, holding her hands straight out in front of her and gazing at them in the most awestruck manner.

Instead of forgetting the hand-washing experiment over night, as I half expected her to do, Ana Julia the next day must have nearly rubbed the skin off, so frequently and violently did she wash her hands. I think, up to that time, she had taken it for granted that she could never hope to have a pair of clean hands.

Perhaps Ana Julia's most wonderful experience was when she came into possession of Rosita.

Who was Rosita? Well, to Ana Julia he was the most *wonderful, beautiful unbelievable* doll baby. She was all-her-own doll! Precious as the sight of Rosita was to her, Ana Julia would not so much as lay a finger on her until she dashed out to the faucet and gave her eager hands the scrubbing befitting this great moment of her life.

With hands clean and heart overflowing with joy, the little girl tenderly lifted Rosita from her blue cardboard bed, Then she loved her as only a little girl can love her first and only doll.

As the days went on toward the close of our allotted five weeks' stay in Colon, Ana Julia's heart began to droop. I did what I could to make her happy, but the brown eyes kept looking more and more wistful. The day before our departure she came and put an armful of great starry, white jasamine blossoms in my lap and leaning against me she quavered in a choking little voice. "Señora, please may I go with you and the kind Señor on your travels, and be your little girl?"

She, nor you, could never begin to guess how hard it was to say "No," for had I not secretly been wishing that very thing?

Although now far away from my dear little Ana Julia, she is not forgotten. I can see her yet at parting time, a faint smile on her tear-stained face, an orange clasped tightly in one hand, and a pomegranate in the other for her little gray bird. The smile, I like to remember, and the way she said, as I kissed her good-by, "Señora, I'll be good—and happy!"

A BORDER RUFFIAN*

BY BERTHA M. SHEPARD.

The border was the boundary line between Mexico and the United States, and the ruffian was a black-eyed Mexican boy about ten years of age, named Pablo. His only friend and companion was a small donkey, or burro, as the Mexicans call them.

"Come, Little One!" Pablo whispered into the long ear of the burro. "It is nearly night, and time for thee to carry me into the city of *Los Americanos*."

Pablo's burro was almost black, with white feet, and a white nose, and twinkling black eyes. His name, Diavelo, was given him because of the bad deeds in which he and his little master joined, night after night, as they crept through the mountain pass.

For months, since the murder of his mother and sisters by the Mexican soldiers while they were looting the village where Pablo lived, he had been hiding in the mountains. At last, driven by hunger, he had come to the outskirts of a Mexican town on the northern borderline. Just over the Rio Grande River was a city of the United States. It was to this city that the little Mexican child and his burro would go at nightfall and hunt for food in garbage-cans and unlocked cellars. Before daylight they would hurry away again, and hide themselves in a partly caved-in hut of adobe on the Mexican side of the river.

"Slowly, now!" commanded Pablo, for Diavelo had started on a run up the mountain pass and the evening had not yet darkened the purple mountaintops enough for them to safely raid the cellars and dooryards of the neighboring Americanos.

"It is for a clothes-rope to-night!" said Pablo, drawing the ragged shoulders of his blouse together and shivering in the evening wind.

Indeed, the cotton garments that he wore were so torn and poor they could not cover the tiny form of the child enough for decency, to say nothing of warmth. Hunger looked from the small, pinched face and a hunted look from the dark eyes.

"It is strange clothing *El Americano* wears," muttered Pablo, talking to himself in his own language, which was a mixture of Spanish and Indian. He stood looking at a line of pillow-slips and table linen in the yard of a large house.

"Come along, Diav'lo, to the next," he added. "This must be the day for wash. See, here is another rope!"

Pablo groped his way around the yard, looking first at one article and then another. At last he found a waist of light blue print, and, O joy! a little pair of trousers. They were white, and made of cotton cloth, but their only fault in Pablo's eyes was that they had no pocket. His old pocket still hung to his trouser-leg by a thread and in it was a knife, Pablo's one instrument of defense.

"With a few pins I could make the old pocket on the new clothes," said Pablo, eagerly eyeing the fast shut doors and windows of the houses behind which he was slowly stealing along.

"Stay here, Diav'lo! Not a sound!"

*Everyland, March, 1915.

he whispered in his burro's ear. Then climbing over a high board fence he spied a sleeping-tent in the yard.

Slowly he stole nearer and nearer to the tent. He raised its door curtain and looked in. Soft breathing met his ear and he could see by the light of the clear Southern moon a mother, fast asleep, and by her side a little child.

Pablo dropped the tent cloth hastily, and with his hand pressed against his throat he bravely tried to crowd back the memories of his own mother and his little sister so cruelly killed by the soldiers a few months before. He hurried away. Next he came to a building which did not look like the houses he had passed. He peered into the windows.

"What an odd room El Americano has!" thought the boy. There were many wooden seats with desks all in a row. In front was a large table. He could faintly outline pictures on the wall.

Suddenly a familiar sound smote upon his ear.

"Heehaw, heehaw!"

Pablo fled from the building, over the fence, down the alley he ran toward his burro.

"Diav'lo, Diav'lo, hush!" he commanded. "Thou wilt ruin all, with thy cry of *El Mao* (the evil one)! Wilt thou be still?"

Diavelo, neck and head stretched upward toward the sky, and small frame quivering with the weird cry of the Mexican burro, stopped his song at the touch of his little master.

Pablo sprang upon his back and beating him with the palm of his hand tried to urge him into a trot. Diavelo took a few steps and suddenly laid himself down in the road.

Pablo was thrown forward over the burro's head to the ground. He quickly picked himself up, and turning to his little friend, said kindly,

"Poor beast, thou art hungry—I blame thee not. Fine clothing is of no comfort to thee!"

"Ah," continued the child, as his gaze fell upon a half open window in a cellar of the school building, "thy patron saint himself must have told thee to stop here."

A half an hour later, Diavelo's hunger having been appeased and his back and sides literally covered wth bundles containing food enough for several days, the two small brigands crossed the river and descended the mountains on the other side.

The days following Pablo's raid were dull and lonesome. With his burro for comrade they scoured the foot-hills, far and wide.

The American city, however, always seemed to call him to come across and brave the daylight in its streets.

"No one has ever seen me," thought the boy, one day. "I will leave Diav'lo in the hut and I will be Americano, me! myself!"

So he boldly forded the stream and entered the city. No one seemed to notice him among the many other little urchins roaming about. Pablo followed a group of boys and girls at a distance as they rioted through the streets, and at length entered a building on the top of which waved an American flag. He quickly recognized the building as the one he had visited on the night of his raid.

"What do they do in there, and when will they come out again?" thought Pablo, as he waited patiently, near the door.

At length Pablo heard a few notes of music. He pressed closer to the door, his heart thrilled with the love of melody.

"The Lord is my shepherd,
No want shall I know,
I rest in green pastures,
Safe folded I go,"

sang the childish voices within, in Spanish.

Pablo peered cautiously around the door. Yes, there they were, sitting with folded hands and happy eyes, while a sweet-faced lady stood before them, leading the song.

But what is that picture on the wall? Pablo, unconsciously to himself, is wholly inside the doorway now. His gaze riveted upon a picture of a shepherd with his sheep about him, and a lamb in his arms. Soon the song ended, and as the teacher's eyes fell upon Pablo, he darted from the room, hiding, however, behind the door. Through the crack he could see the teacher pointing to the picture on the wall, and she told, first in Spanish and then in English, the story of *El Christo* and of how he loves and cares for the children, even to-day, as a shepherd cares for his sheep.

"And," continued the teacher, "we must obey him. He has told us that we must always tell the truth."

Pablo's little form straightened itself with pride. "Me! I never lie. I tell the truth," he whispered to himself.

"He wants us to be kind always," she said.

Pablo remembered the blows he had given Diavelo, and he hung his head."

"Never steal," said the teacher.

Pablo's heart sank. Could he not be one of the Shepherd's lambs if he stole?

Pablo turned from the doorway quickly and ran down the street. In and out of the alleys to the river's brink, across the ford and up the mountain-pass he sped, to his hut. There he found Diavelo drooping in a corner, tied to the lemon-crate that they had once taken from a grocery store.

"Diav'lo," sobbed the boy, as he threw his arms around the burro's neck, "thou art my only friend! I cannot give back the food. Thou art hungry!"

"Here, little one! Eat, little one!" He pressed an onion into the burro's mouth, and, tempted by its fragrance, prepared one for himself, placing pieces of it between two crackers and eating it eagerly.

Day after day Pablo went to the doorway of the American school. No one could persuade him to enter, and at the first step toward him he would turn from the building, running like a wild thing down the street, disappearing from sight as though swallowed up.

Only Diavelo heard the lessons that the little Mexican boy learned at the school. Only Diavelo listened as his master sang the new songs.

"We must give back, Diav'lo! We must give back," Pablo would repeat over and over, but in the end he would always give the burro something to eat and take also a few of the stolen things for himself, until there was only a very little left.

"O Diav'lo, there will be nothing to give back!" wailed the boy, one stormy night, as the two comrades crouched in a corner of the rude shelter while the wind and rain beat upon the walls without.

Diavelo moaned in sympathy with his master, then watched him with curious eyes as he slowly rose and gathering together a handful of broken crackers, one or two onions and a piece of dry bread he placed in a small tin biscuit box.

"This we will give back," he said impressively. "To-morrow, *Mañana*." And with that characteristic Mexican word Pablo curled himself up and fell asleep. Meanwhile the storm raged in the mountains.

The next morning when Pablo and Diavelo started across to the American city the river was higher than Pablo had ever seen it, but tying the precious tin box securely to Diavelo's neck and taking firm hold of the burro's neck himself, they started bravely across. But the current was swifter than Pablo thought. Fiercely Diavelo struggled to swim

against the current, but the rushing waters carried them first this way and then that. Pablo held on with all his strength, but he could not tell where they were going. Soon he could see nothing. And that was the last he knew.

"O Teacher, come! Down by the river! Come, quick!" called childish voices.

The mission teacher hastened from her door. The storm had worked mischief all around, but she did not linger to view the fallen poles, nor the great gashes in the roadway.

"A boy—he is drowned!" they cried. "He was clinging to a burro."

The teacher hurried to the embankment. There on the ground lay Pablo, one hand closely fastened in a cord that was tied firmly around the burro's neck and from which there hung a battered tin box.

"The child is not dead, cried the teacher, bending her ear to his heart. "Bring me blankets—hot water, quick!"

Every one flew. Pablo was rubbed, rolled, turned this way and that, until at length the dark lashes quivered, the childish lips parted in a sigh.

"He is safe!" cried the teacher. "He lives!"

Soon he was carried to the school and placed in the teacher's own room.

Hours passed while Pablo slept. Diavelo was cared for. The box was taken from his neck and placed where Pablo would see it. Slowly Pablo awoke as he heard voices in another room. The shadows through the window seemed like late afternoon and children's voices began to sing:

> "Jesus, gentle Shepherd, hear us!
> Bless thy little lambs to-night!"

Pablo sat up. He saw his tin box near him, and reached out for it. It fell upon the floor.

Quickly the door opened and the lady of the school entered the room.

"What is it, my boy?" she said kindly, as she picked up the fallen package and gave it to him.

Pablo's weak hands closed upon it. Then with an effort he pushed it back toward her, saying in broken English:

"I give back—for El Christo—I give back!"

By the bedside the puzzled teacher held a battered tin box in her hands and gazed questioningly down into the deep, dark eyes. Then Pablo told her the whole story, and at the end said,

"For El Christo, I give back. Diav'lo will work for you—we will both work to pay."

Missions—(General)

A PRAYER

Lord Jesus, thou who lovest
  Each little child like me,
  Oh, take my life and use it,
  And let me shine for thee.
Oh, give me bits of work to do
  To show how much I love thee, too.

—By permission.

A CHRISTMAS VERSE

God sent this loving Baby
  From his home in heaven above:
He came down to show all people
  How to help and how to love.

—Song Stories for the Sunday School.

A BLESSING

Now may the Holy Christ-child,
  Who came on Christmas Day,
The gentle Friend and Brother
  Who smiles upon our play,
Bless all the little children,
  Howe'er so far away.

—Abbie Farwell Brown.

JESUS LOVES YOU

I want to send a whisper song
  Across the waters blue,
And say to all the children there
  "Jesus loves you."

If they should not quite understand,
  They'll wonder if 'tis true;
So I will keep on whisp'ring still,
  "Jesus loves you."

LITTLE BROTHER HYMN

If every little child could see
  Our Savior's shining face,
I think that each one eagerly
  Would run to his embrace.

Though black the hand, red, brown, or white,
  All hearts are just the same;
Each one is precious in his sight,
  Each one he calls by name.

And those who hear in every land,
  With loyal hearts and true,
Will grasp some little brother's hand
  And lead him onward, too.

—Alfred R. Lincoln.

MISSIONARY MOTHER GOOSE

LITTLE JACK HORNER

Recitation for a Young Junior

  Little Jack Horner
  Sat in a corner,
  Eating a very queer pie;
  He saw in a thrice
  It held everything nice
From the lands where the mission fields lie.

  From Ceylon came the spice,
  And from China the rice,
  And bananas from African highlands;
  There were nutmegs and cloves
  Sent from Borneo's groves,
And yams from the South Sea Islands.

  There were nuts from Brazil
  All the corners to fill,
  And sugar and sago from Siam;
  And from Turkey a fig
  That was really so big
Jack's mouth thought, "It's larger than I am."

There were pomegranates fair
Grown in Persia's soft air,
And tortillas from Mexico, found there;
And there did appear
Grapes and grains from Korea,
And all of the things that abound there.

A Syrian date
Did not turn up too late.
He need not for tea to Japan go;
Tamarinds were not few,
There were oranges too,
And from India many a mango.

"Now," thought little Jack,
"What shall I send back
To these lands for their presents to me?
A Bible, indeed,
Is what they all need,
So that shall go over the sea."

—By permission, Over Sea and Land.

GOD WANTS THE BOYS AND GIRLS

God wants the boys, the merry, merry boys,
The noisy boys, the funny boys,
The thoughtless boys.
God wants the boys with all their joys,
That he as gold may make them pure,
And teach them trials to endure.
His heroes brave
He'd have them be,
Fighting for truth
And purity.
God wants the boys.

God wants the happy-hearted girls,
The loving girls, the best of girls,
The worst of girls.
He wants to make the girls his pearls,
And so reflect his holy face,
And bring to mind his wondrous grace,
That beautiful
The world may be,
And filled with love
And purity.
God wants the girls.

—Selected.

WHAT CAN I DO?

BY CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

What can I give him,
Poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd
I would bring a lamb;
If I were a wise man
I would do my part;
Yet what can I give him?
Give him my heart.

OTHER BOYS LIKE ME

BY ANNA EDITH MEYERS

The boys who live in Africa
Have little that is nice,
They live in curious, cone-shaped huts
With chickens, pigs, and mice.
To sit about, palavering,
Is their propensity;
But when it comes to wanting things,
They're very much like me.

In China boys must go to school
At early break of day,
And study loud and lustily
Till daylight fades away.
They learn the things the sages wrote
In praise of industry;
But when it comes to working, then
They're very much like me.

The boys wear dresses in Japan
And read the queerest books;
They have the first page at the end,
Filled with strange hooks and crooks.
They must, at home and everywhere,
Behave with dignity;
But when it comes to having fun
They're very much like me.

The Hindu boy believes that he
Has lived on earth before,
And after this must live again
A thousand lives or more.

He's fearful he'll be born a pig,
  A dreadful penalty;
But when it comes to being good,
  I guess he's just like me.
By permission, World Wide.

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

Ere Christmas can be everything
That Christmas ought to be,—
The fullest kind of joy to bring
To you and also me,—
In every country of the earth
Good folks must work for all they're worth.

How many nations toiled to make
The dinner, who can say?—
(One does not want one's head to ache
Too much on Christmas day.)
But think about it as you wait
For Caroline to fill your plate.

Take the pudding. Ere it comes
Our appetites to seal,
Dark Greeks have had to find the plums,
Italians the peel.
The flour is from Canadian fields
While Demerara sugar yields.

Again, brave sailors must pursue
And kill a mighty whale—
In peril lest he dash in two
Their vessel with his tail—
Before the Christmas tree's bright flames
Can shine upon our merry games.

It is an interesting thought—
This toiling far and near,
In every land some labor wrought
To make our Christmas cheer,
And steamers crossing every sea
To bring good things for you and me.
—*Another Book of Verses for Children. Edited by E. V. Lucas. By permission, The Macmillan Co.*

ON CHRISTMAS

Once a little baby lay
Cradled in the fragrant hay,
  Long ago on Christmas.
Stranger bed a babe ne'er found,
Wondering cattle stood around
  Long ago on Christmas.

By the shining vision taught,
Shepherds for the Christ-Child sought
  Long ago on Christmas.
Guided in a starlit way,
Wise men came their gifts to pay
  Long ago on Christmas.

And to-day the whole glad earth
Praises God for that Child's birth,
  Long ago on Christmas.
For the Light, the Truth, the Way,
Came to bless the earth that day,
  Long ago on Christmas.

THE LAST CHRISTMAS CAROL

Christmas in lands of the fir tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of the palm-tree and vine;
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,
Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and bright;
Everywhere, everywhere Christmas to-night!

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
Christmas where old men are patient and gray;
Christmas where peace like a dove in its flight
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight;
Everywhere, everywhere Christmas to-night!

—*Phillips Brooks.*

WHAT THE SUN SEES

The sun peeps over the western hill
And says "Good night" to me,
And then in just a little while
It's dark as it can be.
Bobby says it goes to bed,
But then he's very small,
And never went to school, so 'course
He couldn't know at all.

But I am nearly ten, and so
I ought to know a lot
About the earth and sun and things
(Though some I just forgot).
I know that when the sun goes down
Behind the western hill,
He goes to visit other lands
And sees the sights until

It's time to come back here again
And bring the morning light.
Sometimes I 'magine what he sees
While I sleep all the night:
The boys and girls in China, where
So many things are queer,
The boys and girls in India,
Some hungry ones I fear;

The boys and girls in Africa
And far-away Japan;
The sun shines on them all, I guess,
And helps them all he can.
And mother says that boys and girls
Who have as much as we
Should try to help them all we can
Just like the sun, you see.

—*Anna Edith Meyers.*

By permission.

THE SUN TRAVELS

The sun is not abed, when I
At night upon my pillow lie;
Still 'round the world his way he takes,
And morning after morning makes.

While here at home, in shining day,
We 'round the sunny garden play,
Each little Indian sleepy-head
Is being kissed and put to bed.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

By permission, Charles Scribner's Sons.

MISSIONARY OPENING EXERCISE

BY MRS. J. A. WALKER

Leader

Who is Jesus, can you tell?
Do you know the story well?

Class

Jesus is God's only Son,
Sent to help us every one.

The Bible says: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only Son."

Leader

Does he love the children all?
Will he listen to their call?

Class

Of his love we may all know
In his word he tells us so.

For he says: "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

Leader

Is there work for us to do?
Can we send the message, too?

Class

If we listen, day by day,
Gladly we will hear him say,

"Go ye into all the world and teach the gospel."

Leader

If at home we have to stay,
May we still his word obey?

Class

We can help some one to live
By the money that we give.

The Bible says: "Freely ye received, freely give."

Leader

How can we give so that we
May his loving favor see?

Class

We can give with all our heart,
Willing each to do his part.

The Bible says: "God loveth a cheerful giver."

Leader

Who are they who need his love,
Whom he cares for from above?

Class

The little Brown children, so cunning and wee;
The little Yellow children over the sea;
The little Red children in their wigwam home;
The little Black children wherever they roam;
The little White children, at home and away;
All the little children wherever they stay
Are Jesus' dear children, he loves every one;
We'll thank him for all the kind things he has done.

PRAYER

Dear Father, we thank thee for Jesus, thy Son,
Who came down from heaven to help us each one;
We thank thee for all the good things Thou dost give,
For food, for clothing, and the homes where we live;
We pray that all of thy children so dear
May know thee and love thee wherever they are.
May we all do our part the good news to send
And show by our gifts we love Jesus, our friend.
Be with us, dear Father, by night and by day,
For Jesus' sake and his name we pray.
Amen.

A BIRTHDAY EXERCISE FOR THE PRIMARY DEPARTMENT

ARRANGED BY KATHLEEN FRYHOFER

SONG

1. As we hear the money dropping
In our birthday box to-day,
We will think of the dear children
In their homes so far away.

CHORUS

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In our birthday box to-day,
Our money will tell about Jesus
To children far away.

2. They do not know our Savior,
So our money we will send,
To teach them that our Jesus
Wants to be their loving friend.

3. He wants our birthday money
To help children far away—
And he wants us here in the home-land
To serve him every day.

NOTE—Be sure to explain to the school just how the money helps teach them about Jesus.

(Children recite verse for the month.

Birthday child places a gold star on the date of birth on Birthday Calendar and receives birthday card.

As birthday child stands before the school:)

How many years old are you, dear little friend?
Let us count your money and then it we will send
To the far-away children the story to tell
Of Jesus, our Savior, whom we love so well.

(Child drops money into box as school counts.

Birthday child recites:)

"I count my years, and for each I bring
A tiny gift to Christ my King."

PRAYER

Dear Jesus, bless the money we bring thee,
Give it something sweet to do,
May it help some one to love thee.
Jesus, may we love thee too.

CHILDREN OF THE MISSION

An exercise for six Primary children. May be used also as one complete reading.

First Child

In the land of ice and snow,
Lives the little Eskimo;
Dress of skin,
Fur side in,
Keeps him warm from head to toe.

Second Child

Running wild in blazing sun,
Plays the little African;
Not a thread,
From his head,
Wears this little black-skinned one.

Third Child

Far away, o'er distant seas,
Dwells the little Japanese;
Silken gown,
Falls way down
Far below his yellow knees.

Fourth Child

On the sweeping prairie wide,
Does the Indian child abide;
Beads in rows,
Buckskin clothes,
Serve his copper skin to hide.

Fifth Child

In the crowded city's street,
Poorest child of all we meet—
Feet all bare,
Rags to wear,
Homeless, friendless, naught to eat.

Sixth Child

Now to all these children dear,
Let us send a word of cheer;
Tell them how
Jesus now
Waits with love to draw them near.

—Selected.

MISSIONARY A-B-C'S

An exercise for 26 Primary Children with letters of the alphabet.

BY EMILY WILLISTON

A is for Africa, black as the night,
Thousands of children there; send them the light.

B stands for Burma and Brown Babies too,—
Dear little babies in Burma need you.

C is for China, look quick and you'll see
Queer little girls who'll serve you with tea.

D is for doctors, who for Jesus' sake
Make sick children well, curing many an ache.

E's for Evangelist, with the good news
Of Jesus' love *free* for all who will choose.

F's Filipinos, newcomers are they
Who live on small islands far, far away.

G stands for girls, white, black, yellow, and brown,
All just alike save for color and gown.

H is for hospital, haven of healing,
Jesus, the healer, to nations revealing.

I stands for India; see living there
Many child widows filled with despair.

J stands for Japan. Oh! wouldn't it be fun
To live in the land of the Rising Sun?

K is for kindergartens found everywhere
For dear little children, dark or fair.

L is for laughter which brightens the day
Where folks are working with no time to play.

M's for missionaries, to whom belong
Our prayers that they may be noble and strong.

N stands for nurses with caps clean and white,
Filling the hearts of the sick with delight.

O is for ocean, across which they sail
Who hear in their hearts the brown babies' wail.

P stands for prayer; oh, kneel down and pray
For those who are teaching and preaching to-day.

Q is for quick,—we should never be slow
To enter the ranks and fight 'gainst the foe.

R's for Redeemer, the Savior of men,—
He's calling the children again and again.

S stands for Sunday-schools, where children go
To learn to do things for others, you know.

T is for truth, which turns darkness to light,
And helps boys and girls to want to do right.

U's for unoccupied fields far away,—
For teachers to go there the children must pray.

V stands for victory, we surely will win,
For Jesus has said he has conquered all sin.

W's for women, through earth far and wide
Teaching the children of Christ crucified.

X is example, they say that means me;
So for your sake I'll be good as can be.

Y's for young people, in numbers a nation,
Preaching the gospel in this generation.

Z is for zeal, something no one can see.
But all must have it if good workers they'd be.

By permission of Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society.

THE MISSIONARY DOLLAR AND WHAT IT DOES

An Exercise for Older Juniors

A large round piece of pasteboard covered with silver paper should be hung up to represent a silver dollar. Each of the ten members who takes part should have a smaller piece made in the same way to represent a dime, and as they speak, hang them so as to form a circle around the big dollar. A real dollar with real dimes may be used for a small meeting.

LEADER: Many people wonder what becomes of missionary money anyway. You have always heard that money talks, and if you will listen to-day you will hear these ten dimes, which make up this missionary dollar, tell you about the work they are doing on the other side of the world.

FIRST DIME: "I have to begin at the beginning of the work. I get the young men and young women from the colleges and seminaries that are waiting to go as missionaries, and take them out to the countries in which they are going to work. I tell you I am an overworked dime, and although I work just as hard and as long as I can, I am not sending all of the young missionaries that are waiting for me, There are many more waiting for me to make arrangements to carry them. Can't you send some more dimes to help me?"

SECOND DIME: "I'm the *building dime.* After the first dime gets a missionary to the field, I have to find him a place to live. You'd laugh, and I expect you'd cry, too, if you could see some of the places they have stayed while they were waiting for *you* to send *me* to get them a home. I tell you it is a shame the way some of the missionaries have to wait. I know one that has to put up an umbrella to keep the rain off her bed, and she has been waiting for me three years, but I have had so much else to do I just could not get there. Then I have to build all of the churches and chapels. My! but I'm a busy dime. Some of my churches now are needing paint and others are about to fall down. I wish you could see the people that come up to the missions begging for us to help them build a church. I know where there are millions of people without a single Christian church. Do hurry and send some more of me."

THIRD DIME: "I'm the *school bell dime.* Whenever you send me out, the school bell begins to ring somewhere. I'm running schools all over the world, but every day I have to see boys and girls turned away because my schools are all full and I do not have any more dimes to start others. I know I'm the busiest dime in the whole missionary dollar. I have all the kindergartens to look after, too. Do you know that if you cannot be a missionary yourself you can employ a good native Christian teacher for a hundred or a hundred and fifty dimes a month? She could be working on the other side of the world while you are working on this side."

FOURTH DIME: "I am the *hospital dime.* I send out missionary doctors and nurses and build hospitals and buy medicines. Wherever I go to work the people come flocking with the sick folks—the lame, the blind, and the crippled—just as they used to when Jesus was on earth. I have gone into many lands where there was not a single physician until I got there. I help over two million people every year, but there are so many others asking for help that it almost breaks my heart. They need more hospitals, and more doctors and nurses. If I had all of the other nine dimes in the missionary dollar I could use them every one in my work."

FIFTH DIME: "I'm the *Bible dime.* I run nearly two hundred printing-presses

all over the world to print the Bible and other Christian literature. I know you will see that none of the other dimes could get along without me. I have had a big job, too, to learn 360 different languages in which to print over two hundred million copies of the Bible within a hundred years. I am sure if you knew how much need there is for more copies of the Bible and other Christian books you would send more dimes to help me."

Sixth Dime: "I am the *evangelist dime.* You know the missionaries cannot do all the work by themselves, so they are training native preachers or evangelists so they can preach the gospel to their own people. Sometimes the evangelists preach in the churches, sometimes on the streets, sometimes from house to house, and sometimes they go on long tours through the country. You would be surprised to see the different kinds of conveyances I hire for the evangelists in different parts of the world,—elephants, camels, horses, mules, donkeys, canoes, launches, steamboats, wheelbarrows, house-boats, jinrikishas, bicycles, and railroad trains. I keep busy all of the time."

Seventh Dime: "I am the *Bible woman dime.* In many of the lands where the missionary dollar goes, the women cannot come out to hear the preaching. I get Christian women and train them as Bible teachers and send them into the homes to teach the women of Jesus. I could put many more Bible women to work if I had only $25 or $50 a year with which to support them."

Eighth Dime: "I'm the *orphan dime.* Every year, through war or famine, there are many little children left with no one to care for them. I am the part of the missionary dollar that looks after them. I build orphanages and schools, and when missionaries rescue them I help care for them. Sometimes I can take care of an orphan for from $10 to $25 a year, for most of them live in hot countries where there are no coal bills, and they do not wear many clothes. I wonder why people in this country do not adopt an orphan in India or Africa. It would be a fine investment."

Ninth Dime: "I'm the *'etc.' dime.* You know when there are just too many things to mention, you write down all you can, and then lump the rest of them together under 'etc.' You have not heard about nearly all of the things the missionary dollar must do. The missionaries must have a furlough some time; there are rents to be paid, and repairs to be made on property. There are old people to be cared for and many that are in trouble to be helped. The other dimes have definite work to do, but there are calls for me from every direction. You know how many different forms of Christian work there are here at home and how many institutions there are to do it, and even then there are not enough, so you can just imagine what I have to do in heathen lands. I have worked so hard and am worn so thin that 'In God we trust' is almost rubbed off my face. Oh, why aren't there more of me?"

Tenth Dime: "I don't go abroad at all. I stay right here at home and keep all of the others busy, for I'm the *business dime.* You may be very sure that I am not wasted either. You cannot find another agent anywhere that handles as big a business as I do at as small a cost. I furnish all the missionary magazines and programs. I pay the printer and the expressman and the telephone company and all other other bills that come in. I stick the postage-stamps and send out the Thank-offering Boxes. I send the money to the missionaries and keep all of the accounts. I can do this for you cheaper than you can do it yourself. If you want to send a dollar to Japan it will cost you

five cents for a postage-stamp and ten cents for a money order. I can put a thousand dollars together and send it for that. Sometimes I wish I could go with the others, but when I think about it I know I am doing more by staying at home and helping to get the other nine together and getting them off. I tell you what you might do, though, if you want every cent of your dollar to go direct, just tuck in an extra dime for me."

(The exercise will be of much more value if sheets of cardboard on which pictures illustrating the work of each dime have been neatly pasted, are displayed for inspection at the close.)

Courtesy of General Literature Committee of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Conference of the Lutheran Church.

A LITTLE LESSON IN ARITHMETIC

NOTE.—Four may take part in this short exercise, each giving one recitation. Some appropriate song may be sung in conclusion.

ADD

Add to your faith, from day to day,
Knowledge and love, and you then will pray,
As never before, for souls in need
Who look to you, as for help they plead.
Add to your love the patience strong
That will still keep on, though the way be long.
Add to the pennies, nickels, and dimes,
And make them ring the pleasantest chimes
As they send good news to the far-off climes,
And to sad waifs here far happier times.
Add, and keep adding, from day to day;
In the mission cause, 'tis the only way.

SUBTRACT

Subtract from your heart each selfish aim,
Let your gift be brought in the Savior's name.
From the gold and silver subtract the dross,
Make the offering pure, for all else is loss.
Subtract all pride and all mere display;
In the work for Christ, 'tis the only way,
And thus will he bless you, day by day.

MULTIPLY

The seed that is sown must be multiplied,
And scattered and scattered far and wide.
The workers here and in every land
Should be increased to a mighty band.
The Homes for the destitute and sad
Should be multiplied, and the world made glad.
By the help of all is the work increased,
From the greatest down to the very least.
The helpers should multiply each day
In the great world's work, 'tis the only way.

DIVIDE

Divide, divide, what you call your own,
And share with those that have never known
The light and love and the comfort true
That all your life have been given to you.
As freely as ye have received, then give,
For only by giving we truly live.
"Give a portion to seven, yea, even unto eight,"
Is the Scripture word, and you must not wait
To see what somebody else will do:
Be quick to give what belongs to you:
Divide your time and your money and all,
That you may answer the piteous call
That rings on the air from day to day;
Divide, yes, divide; 'tis the Christlike way.

—*Julia H. Johnston.*

By permission, Over Sea and Land.

WEIGHING THE BABY

A Suggestion for a Cradle Roll Reception

NOTE.—The baby is brought to the front of the room and six of the oldest Beginners gather around reciting the poem. The verses may be recited by an older girl assisting with the little people, or they may be printed or copied on the reception invitation. For a boy baby change the pronouns and omit the "Fourth Child" part.

FIRST CHILD

A penny a pound for the baby,
  The baby not two years old,
Though we know that every baby
  Is worth its weight in gold.

SECOND CHILD

A penny a pound for the baby,
  Suppose she'd been born in Spain?
She'd be taught her prayers on a rosary
  The hope of heaven to gain.

THIRD CHILD

A penny a pound for the baby,
  In the Land of the Rising Sun,
The babies and wee little children
  Are said to have plenty of fun.

But their mothers don't tell them of Jesus,
  They hear not the sweet story of old,
While we count the soul of our baby
  More precious than silver or gold.

FOURTH CHILD

A penny a pound for the baby,
  So dainty and fresh and sweet,
From the crown of her head she's precious
  To the toes of her little feet.

But those little feet in China
  Would be bound and cramped so small
She could not run as we do,
  But only stumble and fall.

They think it right to do it
  Because 'tis their custom old,
So they torture the feet of the children,
  And call them "lilies of gold."

FIFTH CHILD

A penny a pound for the baby.
  In India far away
Are many starving babies
  Who cry to us to-day.

Our babies here can help them
  Though not yet two years old,
For love will make their pennies
  Worth all their weight in gold.

SIXTH CHILD

(*Stepping forward to receive money.*)

Then come and weigh the baby,
  And soon may the story be told
In the love of our Savior *all babies*
  Are worth their weight in gold.

—*By permission.*

MASTER MISSIONARY PORTRAITS

Every boy and girl should be familiar with the faces of Livingstone the Pathfinder, Marcus Whitman, a hero of the Oregon country, and such leaders as: William Carey, Chinese Gordon, Sheldon Jackson, Adoniram Judson, Alexander Mackay, Robert Morrison, John G. Paton, St. Paul, Melinda Rankin and about forty others.

Price of Photographs	8x10	11x14	16x20
High grade Black and White Velox	$0.50	$1.00	$2.50
Beautiful Soft Brown Sepia	1.00	1.50	3.50

COSTUMES

Costumes are available for rental from Africa, American Indians, Arabia, Burma, China, Egypt, Eskimo, India, Japan, Korea, Persia, Philippines, Syria and Turkey.

These costumes are valuable for pageants, plays, missionary demonstrations, entertainments, courses, pantomimes, dialogues, individual speakers, missionary meetings and all kinds of services.

PLAYS

Strong missionary plays are taking the place of the old type of church entertainment. They are not only full of interest, but carry a forceful missionary message which impresses participants and audience.

Just Plain Peter. 25 cents a copy.

A dramatic entertainment for Juniors with suggestions for playing the games of foreign children. A story of two Italian orphans in a tenement and the help given by a visitor from the mission. There are many other plays that can be furnished.

THE CHRISTIAN FLAG

This flag stands for no creed or denomination. It contains no symbol of war or warfare. The ground is white, representing peace and purity. In the upper corner is a blue field, the color of the unclouded sky, the symbol of fidelity and truth. Its chief device, the cross of red, is the emblem of Christian sacrifice. The flag may be used together with the flag of the United States at special Sunday-school and other assemblies.

PICTURE STORIES

China Picture Stories. Price, 30 cents.

A series of five pictures 12x15 inches. A story to be told by the teacher accompanies each picture and a series of four page leaflets is provided for the pupils containing small copies of the pictures, simple stories and hand-work.

One complete set contains the five large pictures, the teacher's book and five pupils' stories.

Immigration Picture Stories. Price, 30 cents.

Similar in make-up to the **China Picture Stories**, the pictures being on immigration.

STEREOPTICON LECTURE

Child Life of the World.

76 slides, most colored. Valuable for a church lecture, or special rally day or mission program for the Sunday-school.

Rental, $2.00 plus the transportation each way.

BOOKS

The Land of the Golden Man.

A book for Juniors and the teachers of Juniors by Anita B. Ferris. The stories are from South America.

Price, 50 cents cloth; 30 cents paper, prepaid.

Things to Make.

Book of Hand-work and Service for Girls and Boys by Miss J. Gertrude Hutton.

Just the book for the use of children who want directions for hand-work.

Price, 75 cents, prepaid.

Any of this material can be ordered directly from your own mission board or from the Missionary Education Movement, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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Board of Home Missions and Church Extension of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, Rev. H. H. Weber, York, Pa.

Board of Foreign Missions of the United Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in the South, Rev. C. L. Brown, Columbia, S. C.

FRIENDS—American Friends Board of Foreign Missions, Mr. Ross A. Hadley, Richmond, Ind.

Evangelistic and Church Extension Board of the Friends Five Years' Meeting, Mr. Harry R. Keates, 1314 Lyon Street, Des Moines, Iowa.

GERMAN EVANGELICAL—Foreign Mission Board, German Evangelical Synod of North America, Rev. E. Schmidt, 1377 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Board of Home Missions of the German Evangelical Synod of North America, Evansville, Ind.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—The Department of Missionary Education. Representing the Board of Foreign Missions, the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension, and the Board of Sunday Schools. 150 Fifth Ave., New York City.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL (SOUTH)—The Educational Department of the Board of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Rev. E. H. Rawlings, 810 Broadway, Nashville, Tennessee. (Correspondence concerning both foreign and home missions.)

METHODIST PROTESTANT—Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Protestant Church, Rev. Fred. C. Klein, 316 North Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.

Board of Home Missions of the Methodist Protestant Church, Rev. Charles H. Beck, West Lafayette, Ohio.

MORAVIAN—The Department of Missionary Education of the Moravian Church in America, Northern Province, Rev. F. W. Stengel, Lititz, Pa.

PRESBYTERIAN (U. S. A.)—The Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., Mr. B. Carter Millikin, Educational Secretary; Rev. George H. Trull, Sunday School Secretary, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., Mr. Ralph A. Felton, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

PRESBYTERIAN (U. S.)—Executive Committee of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S., Mr. John I. Armstrong, 154 Fifth Avenue, North, Nashville, Tenn.

General Assembly's Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S., Rev. S. L. Morris, 1522 Hurt Building, Atlanta, Ga.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL—The Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the U. S. A., Rev. Arthur R. Gray, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

REFORMED CHURCH IN AMERICA—Department of Missionary Education, Reformed Church in America, Mr. H. A. Kinports, 25 East Twenty-second Street, New York City.

REFORMED CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES—Mission Study Department. Representing the Boards of Home and Foreign Missions, Mr. John H. Poorman, 304 Reformed Church Building, Fifteenth and Race Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

UNITED BRETHREN IN CHRIST—Missionary Education Department, U. B. Building, Dayton, Ohio. Representing the Home Missionary Society, the Foreign Missionary Society, and the Woman's Missionary Association.

UNITED EVANGELICAL—Home and Foreign Missionary Society of the United Evangelical Church and Board of Church Extension, Rev. B. H. Niebel, Penbrook, Pa.

UNITED NORWEGIAN LUTHERAN—Board of Foreign Missions United Norwegian Lutheran Church of America, Rev. M. Saterlie, 425-429 South Fourth Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

Board of Home Missions, United Norwegian Lutheran Church of America, Rev. Olaf Guldseth, 425 South Fourth Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

UNITED PRESBYTERIAN—Mission Study Department of the Board of Foreign Missions of the United Presbyterian Church of North America, Rev. James K. Quay, 200 North Fifteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Board of Home Missions of the United Presbyterian Church of North America, Rev. R. A. Hutchison, 209 Ninth Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

UNIVERSALIST—Department of Missionary Education of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church, Rev. A. Gertrude Earle, Methuen, Mass.

CANADIAN BOARDS

BAPTIST—The Canadian Baptist Foreign Mission Board, Rev. J. G. Brown, 223 Church Street, Toronto, Ontario.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND—The Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada, Rev. Canon S. Gould, 131 Confederation Life Building, Toronto, Ontario.

CONGREGATIONAL—Canada Congregational Foreign Missionary Society, Miss Effie Jamieson, 23 Woodlawn Avenue, East, Toronto, Ontario.

METHODIST—Young People's Forward Movement Department of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church, Canada, Rev. F. C. Stephenson, 299 Queen Street, West, Toronto, Ontario.

PRESBYTERIAN—Presbyterian Church in Canada, Board of Foreign Missions, Rev. A. E. Armstrong, 439 Confederation Life Building, Toronto, Ontario.